

P. o. angl. 64 m



H. G. Goltermann.

T H E
W O R T H I N E S
O F
W A L E S,
A
P O E M.

A TRUE NOTE OF

The auncient Castles, famous Monuments, good-
ly Rivers, faire Bridges, fine Townes, and
courteous People, that I have seen in the no-
ble Countrie of WALES,

AND NOW SET FORTH

By THOMAS CHURCHYARD,

L O N D O N:

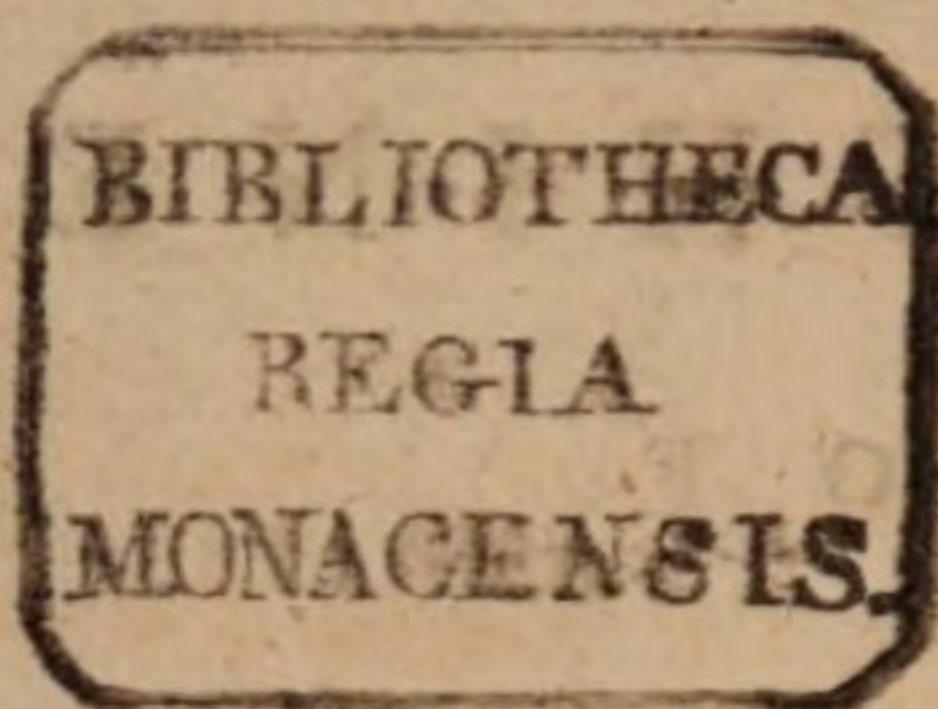
Reprinted from the EDITION of 1587,
For THOMAS EVANS in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXXVI.

Churchyard
The
Worthines
of Wales

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*To the Queene's most excellent Majestie, Elizabeth,
by the Grace of God, Queene of England, Fraunce,
and Ireland, &c. Thomas Churchyard wisheth
alwayes Blessednes, Good Fortune, Victorie, and
worldly Honour, with the Encrease of quiet Raigne,
vertuous Lyfe, and most princely Government.*

MOST redoubted and royall queene, that
kings doe feare, subjects doe honour,
strangers seeke succour of, and people of spe-
ciall spirit acknowledge (as their manifold books
declare) I least of all, presume to farre, either
in presenting matter to be judged of, or to ad-
venture the cracking of credite, with writing
any thing, that may breede mislike (presents
not well taken, in the deepe judgement of so
high and mightie a princeffe). But where a mul-
titude (runnes forward (forced through desire or
fortune to shewe d uetie, or to see what falleth
out of their forwardnes, I stepping in among the
rest, am driven and led (by affection to followe)
beyond the force of my power or feeling of any
learned arte. So being thrust on with the throng,
I finding my self brought before the presence of
your Majestie (but barely furnished of know-
ledge) to whom I must utter some matter of de-
light, or from whom I must retourne all abashed
with open disgrace. Thus Gracious Lady, under
your princely favour I have undertaken to set
foorth

foorth a worke in the honour of Wales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Majestie is as much loved and feared, as in any place of your highnesse dominion. And the love and obedience of which people so exceeds, and surpasseth the common good-will of the world, that it seemeth a wonder in our age (wherein are so many writers) that no one man doth not worthely according to the countries goodnes set forth that noble soyle and nation. Though in deede divers have sleightly written of the same, and some of those labours deserveth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein sufficiently yeeld due commendation to those statly soyles and principalities. For which cause I have travayled sondry times of purpose through the same, and what is written of I have beheld, and throughly seene, to my great contentment and admiration. For the citties, townes, and goodly castles thereof are to be mused on, and merites to bee registred in everlasting memorie, but chiefly the castles (that stand like a company of fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are such statly seates and defences of nature. To which castles great royaltie and livings belongeth, and have bene and are in the giftes of princes, now possessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked unto, but the castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowfull sight and in a maner remediles. But nowe to come to the conditions of the people, and to shewe somewhat of their curtesie, loyaltie, and naturall kindnes, I presume your Majestie will pardon me to speake of, for of trueth your highnes is no soner named
among

among them, but such a generall rejoyfing doth arise, as maketh glad any good mans hart to behold or heare it, it proceeds of such an affectionate favour. For let the meanest of the court come downe to that countrey, he shal be so saluted, halfed and made of, as though he were some lords sonne of that soyle, and further the plain people thinks it debt and duetie, to follow a strangers stirrop (being out of the way) to bring him where he wisheth, which gentlenes in all countries is not used, and yet besides all this goodnes and great regard, there is neither hewe nor cry (for a robbery) in many hundreth myles riding, so whether it be for feare of justice, love of God, or good disposition, small robberies or none at all are heard of there. They triumph likewise so much of fidelitie, that the very name of a falsifier of promes, a murtherer or a thief, is most odious among them, especially a traytor is so hated, that his whole race is rated at and abhord as I have heard there, report of Parrie and others, who the common people would have torne in peeces if the lawe had not proceeded. And such regard they have one of another, that neither in market townes, highwayes, meetings, nor publicke assemblies they strive not for place, nor shewe any kind of roysting: for insted of such high stomackes and stoutnes, they use frendly salutations and courtesie, acknowledging duetie thereby, and doing such reverence to their betters, that every one in his degree is so well understood and honored, that none can justly say hee hath suffered injurie, or found offence by the rude and barbarous behaviour of the people. These usages of theirs, with the rest that may be spoken of their civil maner and honest frame of lyfe, doth argue there is some more

nobler nature in that nation, then is generally reported, which I doubt not but your Highnes is as willing to heare as I am desirous to make manifest and publish : the hope whereof redoubleth my boldnes, and may happely sheeld me from the hazard of worlds hastie judgement, that condemnes men without cause for writing that they know, and praising of people before their faces : (which suspicious heads call a kind of adulation) but if telling of troth, be rebukable, and playne speeches be offensive, the ignorant world shall dwell long in errors, and true writers may sodaynly sit in silence. I have not only searched sondry good authors for the confirmation of my matter, but also paynfully traveiled to trye out the substance of that is written, for feare of committing some unpardonable fault and offence, in presenting this booke unto your Highnesse. Which worke, albeit it is but litle, (because it treateth not of many shieres) yet greatly it shall reioice the whole countrey of Wales, when they shall heare it hath found favour in your gracious sight, and hath passed through those blessed hands, that holds the rayne and bridle of many a stately kingdome, and terrytorie. And myselfe shall reape so much gladnesse, by the free passage of this simple labour, that hereafter I shall goe through (God sparing life) with the rest of the other shieres not here named. These things only taken in hand, to cause your Highnesse to knowe, what puyfance and strength such a princefle is of, that may commaund such a people : and what obedience love and loyaltie is in such a countrey, as hereunto hath bin but litle spoken of, and yet deserveth most greatest lawdation. And in deede the more honorable it is, for that your Highnesse princely auncestors

stors sprong forth of the noble braunches of that nation. Thus duetifully praying for your Majesties long preservation, (by whose bountie and goodnesse I a long while have lived) I wish your Highnesse all the hap, honour, victorie, and harts ease, that can be desired or imagined.

Your Highnesse humble servant and subject,

Thomas Churchyard.

To every loving and friendly Reader.

IT may seeme strange (good reader) that I have chosen in the end of my daies to tra-vaile, and make discription of countries: whereas the beginning of my youth (and a long while after) I have haunted the warres, and written somewhat of martiall discipline: but as every season breedeth a severall humour, and the humours of men are divers: (drawing the mynd to fondrie dispositions) so common occasion that commands the judgement, hath set me a worke, and the warme good will and affection, borne in breast, towards the worthie countrey of Wales, hath haled me often forward, to take this labour in hand, which many before have learnedly handled. But yet to shewe a difference in writing, and a playnnesse in speech (because playne people affects no flourishing phrase) I have now in as ample a maner (without borrowed termes) as I could, declared my opinion of that sweete soyle and good subjects thereof, even at that very instant, when Wales was almost forgotten, or scarce remembred with any great lawdation, when it hath merited to be written of; for fondrie famous causes most meete to be honored, and necessary to be touched in. First, the world will confesse (or els it shall do wrong) that some of our greatest kings (that have conquered much) were borne and

bred in that countrey : which kings in their times, to the glory of England, have wrought wonders, and brought great benefites to our weale publicke. Among the same princes, I pray you give me leave to place our good Queene Elizabeth, and pardon me withall to commit you to the chronicles, for the seeking out of her auncestors noble actions, and suffer me to shewe a little of the goodnesse, gathered by us, from her Majesties well doing, and possessed a long season from her princely and just dealings. An act so noble and notorious, that neither can escape immortall fame, nor shall not passe my pen unrefuted.

Now weigh in what plight was our state when she came first to the crowne, and see how soone religion was reformed, (a matter of great moment) peace planted, and warres utterly extinguished, as the sequell yet falleth out.

Then behold how she succoured the afflicted in Fraunce, (let the going to Newhaven beare witnesse) and chargeably without breaking of league mainteyned her friends and amazed her enemies.

Then looke into the service and preservation of Scotland (at the siege of Leeth) and see how finely the French were all shipped away (they being a great power) and sent home in such sort, that never since they had mynd to returne thither againe, in that fashion and forme that they sayled towards Scotland at the first.

Then consider how bace our money was, and in what short tyme (with little losse to our countrey) the bad coyne was converted to good silver : and so is like to continue to the end of the world.

Then

Then in the advancing of Gods word and good people, regard how Rochell was relieved, and Rone and other places found cause to pray for her life, who sought to purchase their peace and see them in fastie.

Then thinke on the care she tooke for Flaunders, during the first troubles, and how that countrey had been utterly destroyed, if her Highnes helping hand had not propped up that tottering state.

Then christianly conceive how many multitudes of straungers she hath given gracious countenance unto, and hath freely licensed them to live here in peace and rest.

Then pause in an equall ballance the daungerous estate of Scotland once againe, when the kings owne subjects kept the castle of Edenbrough against their owne naturall lord and maister: which presumptuous part of subjects, her Highnesse could not abide to behold: whereupon she sent a sufficient power to ayde the kings majestie: which power valiantly wonne the castle, and freely delivered the same to the right owner thereof, with all the treasure and prisoners therein.

Then regard how honourably she hath dealt with divers princes that came to see her, or needed her magnificent supportation and countenance.

Then looke throughly into the mightinesse and managing of all matters gone about and put in exercise princely, and yet peaceably since the day of her Highnesse coronation, and you shal be forced to confesse that she surmounts a great number of her predecessors: and she is not at this day no whit inferiour to the greatest monarke of the world.

Is not such a peereles queene then, a comfort to Wales, a glorie to England, and a great rejoyfing to all her good neighbours? And doth not she dayly deserve to have bookes dedicated in the highest degree of honor to her Highnesse? Yes undoubtedly, or els my senses and judgement fayleth me.

So (good reader) do judge of my labours: my pen is procured by a hand of causes to write as farre as my knowledge may leade: and my duetie hath no end of service, nor no limits are set to a loyall subject, but to wish and worke to the uttermost of power.

Within this worke are severall discourses: some of the beautie and blessednes of the countrey: some of the strength and statelynesse of their impregnable castles: some of their trim townes and fine situation: some of their antiquitie, shewing from what kings and princes they tooke their first name and prerogative. So generally of all maner of matters belonging to that soyle, as churches, monuments, mountaynes, valleys, waters, bridges, fayregentlemens houses, and the rest of things whatsoever, may become a writers pen to touch, or a readers judgement to knowe. I write not contenciously to find fault with any, or confute the former writers and tyme: but to advaunce and winne credite to the present trueth, agreeing and yeelding to all former tymes and ages, that hath justly given every nation their due, and truely without affection hath set downe in plaine words the worthines of plaine people: for I honor and love as much a true author, as I hate and detest a reporter of trifeling fables. A true historie is called the mistresse of life: and yet all historyographers in writing of one thing, agree not well one with another

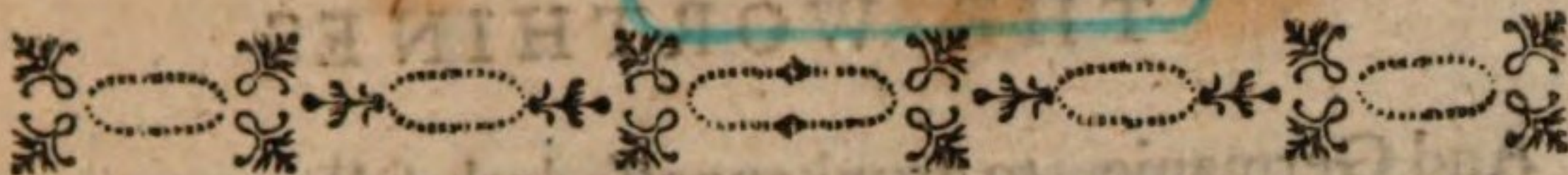
another : because the writers were not present in the tymes, in the places, nor saw the persons they make mention of : but rather have leaned and listned on the common report, than stayed or trusted to their owne experience.

Strabo a most famous writer findes fault (for the like occasion) with Erftaotheus, Metrodorus, Septius, Possidonius, and Patrocles the geographer : and such discord did arise among writers in time past, as Iosephus saith against Appio, that they reproved one another by bookes, and all men in general reprooved Herodotus.

God shield me from such caveling : for I deliver but what I have seene and read : alledging for defence both auncient authors, and good tryall of that is written. Wherefore (loving reader) doe rather struggle with those two strong pillars of knowledge, than strive with the weaknesse of my invention : which to avoyde sharpnesse (and bitter words) is sweetned and seasoned with gentle verses, more pleasant to some mens eares then prose, and under whose smooth grace of speech, more acceptable matter is conveyed, then the common sort of people can comprehend. For verses like a familiar friend (with a gallant phraze) rides quietly by thousands, and dasheth no one person, and galloping cleanly away merites no rebuke : when prose with a soft pace cannot with such cunning passe unperceived. But all is one when in neither of both is found no matter of mistrust, nor speeches to offend, there is no cause of dislike. So craving thy good opinion, good reader farewell.

William Mal-
mesburie de re-
gibus anglorum.
David Powell a
late writer, yet
excellently
learned, made a
sharp invective
against William
Parvus and Pol-
lidor Virgill
(and all their
complices) ac-
cusing them of
lying tongues,
envyous detrac-
tion, malicious
slanders, re-
proachfull and
venomous lan-
guage, wilfull
ignorance, dog-
ged envie, and
cankered
mindes, for that
thei spake un-
reverently of
Arthur, and
many other
thrise noble
princes.
Jeffrey of Mon-
mouth.
Matthewe of
Westminster,
and others are
here in like sort
to be read and
looked on.

another : because the writers were not present with him
in the times. In the place, but for the passing
they make mention of : but rather have I heard
and hinted on the common report, than they
of course to their own convenience.
I made a small list of names under the title (for
the like occasion) with the names of the writers
beginning Pollock, and I thought the list
graphical : and such breadth of name among
the in time with as Josephus (the Jewish
that they reported one another by books, and
all men in general reported of Josephus.
God forbid the same for I do not
fiver but what I have told and said : although
for distance from ancient authors, and good try-
all of that is written. I thought (loving re-
der) that with a single word, those two things
plains of knowledge : that I have with the work
made of my invention : which is to give the
note (and I think words) is included and the
found with gentle trees, which pleasant to John
there extracted from, and other whose the
grace of God, more acceptable than is con-
fession : that the common law of God can con-
prehend : I or rather like a spiritual friend (with
a grateful heart) rises quickly by translation, and
delights in the person, and gathering of
every thing he speaks : when with a look
part cannot without some more received.
But all is one when in nature of God is found
no matter of spiritual, but rather to God
there is no fault or error, no wrong, no good
character, and better than this.



THE
WORTHINES
OF
WALES.

THrough fondrie foyles, and stately kingdomes
rich,
Long have I traest, to tread out times and yeares :
Where I at will, have surely seene right mitch,
As by my works, and printed bookes appeares.
And wearied thus, with toyle in forrayne place,
I homeward drue, to take some rest aspace :
But labouring mynd, that rests not but in bed,
Began afresh, to trouble restles hed.

The authors
troublesome life
briefely set
downe.

When newfound toyles, that hales men all in haste,
To runne on head, and looke not where they goe :
Bade reason ride, where love should be enbrafte,
And where tyme could, his labour best bestowe.
To Wales (quoth wit), there doth plaine people dwell,
So mayst thou come, to heaven out of hell :
For Fraunce is fine, and full of faithlesse waies,
Poore Flaunders grosse, and farre from hapie dayes.

A short note of
the nature of
many countries,
with the dispo-
sition of the
people there.

Ritch Spayne is proude, and sterne to straungers all,
In Italie, poyfning is alwaies rise :

THE WORTHINES

And Germanie, to drunkenesse doth fall,
 The Danes likewise, doe leade a bibbing life.
 The Scots seeke bloud, and beare a cruell mynde,
 Ireland grows nought, the people ware unkynd :
 England God wot, hath learned such leudnesse late,
 That Wales methinks, is now the foundest state.

A commendation of the loyalty of Welshmen.

In all the rest, of kingdomes farre or nere,
 Africke or two, of treacherie staynes the foyle :
 But since the tyme, that rule and lawe came here,
 This Brittish land, was never put to foyle,
 For foule offence, or fault it did commit :
 The people here, in peace doth quiet sit,
 Obayes the prince, without revolt or jarre,
 Because they knowe, the fate of civill warre.

A rehearfall of great strife and diffention that ruinated Wales.

Whiles quarrels rage, did nourish ruynest wracke,
 And Owen Glendore, set bloodie broyles abroach :
 Full many a towne, was spoyld and put to sacke,
 And cleane consum'd, to countries foule reproach.
 Great castles raste, fayre buildings burnt to dust,
 Such revell raignde, that men did live by lust :
 But since they came, and yeelded unto lawe,
 Most meeke as lambe, within one yoke they drawe.

How lawe and love links men together like brethren.

Like brethren now, doe Welshmen still agree,
 In as much love, as any men alive ;
 The friendship there, and concord that I see,
 I doe compare, to bees in honey hive.
 Which keepe in swarme, and hold together still,
 Yet gladly shoue, to straunger great good will :

A cour-

A courteous kynd, of love in every place,
A man may finde, in simple peoples face.

Pass where you please, on plaine or mountain wilde,
And beare yourselfe, in sweete and civill sort : The accustomed
courtesie of
Wales.

And you shall sure, be haulst with man and childe,
Who will salute, with gentle comely port
The passers by : on braves they stand not so,
Without good speech, to let a trav'ler go :
They think it dett, and duetie franke and free,
In towne or fielde, to yeeld you cap and knee.

They will not strive, to royst and take the way,
Of any man, that travailes through their land : No such theft
and robbrie in
Wales as in
other countries.
A greater thing, of Wales now will I say,
Ye may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
Or mightie bagges, of silver stuffed throwe,
And no one man, dare touch your treasure now :
Which shewes some grace, doth rule and guyde them
there,
That doth to God, and man such conscience beare.

Behold besides, a further thing to note,
The best cheape cheare, when each man pais his Victuals good
cheape in most
part of Wales.
groate,

If all alike, the reckoning runneth round.
There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
Each place is filde, with plentie all the yeare :
The ground mannurde, the graine doth so encrease,
That thousands live, in wealth and blessed peace.

A great rebuke to those that speakes not truely of Wales. But come againe, unto their courteous shoe,
 That wins the hearts, of that markes the same :
 The like whereof, through all the world doe goe,
 And scarce ye shall, finde people in such frame.
 For meeke as dove, in lookes and speech they are,
 Not rough and rude, (as spiteful tongues declare)
 No sure they seeme, no sooner out of shell,
 (But nature shewes) they knowe good maners well.

Good disposition never wants good maners. How can this be, that weaklings nurst so harde,
 (Who barely goes, both barefoote and uncled)
 In gifts of mynd, should have so great regarde,
 Except within, from birth some grace were bred.
 It must be so, doe wit not me deceave,
 What nature gives, the world cannot bereave :
 In this remaines, a secret worke divine,
 Which shewe they rise, from auncient race and line.

Good and true authors that affirmes more goodnesse in Wales than I write of. In authors old, you shall that plainly reade,
 Geraldus one, and learned Geffrey two :
 The third for troth, is venerable Beade,
 That many grave, and worthie workes did doe.
 What needes this prooffe, or genalogies here,
 Their noble blood, doth by their lives appeare :
 Their stately townes, and castles every where,
 Of their renowne, doth daily witnesse beare.

A DESCRIPTION of
MONMOUTH SHIERE.

FIRST I begin, at auncient Monmouth now,
That stands by Wye, a river large and long :
I will that shiere, and other shieres goe throwe,
Describe them all, or els I did them wrong.
It is great blame, to writers of our daies,
That treates of world, and gives to Wales no praise ;
They rather hyde, in clowde (and cunning foyle)
That land than yeeld, right glorie to that foyle,

Two rivers by
Monmouth, the
one called Mon-
now, the other
Wye.

A king of ours, was borne in Monmouth sure,
The castle there, records the fame a right :
And though the walles, which cannot still endure,
Through fore decay, shewes nothing fayre to fight.
In feate it felse, (and well plasste citie old)
By view ye may, a princely plot behold :
Good mynds they had, that first those walles did raise
That makes our age, to thinke on elders daies.

King Henry the
Fifth.

Neere the towne
Sir Charles Har-
bert of Troy,
dwelt in a faire
seate called
Troy.

The king here borne, did prove a peereles prince,
He conquerd Fraunce, and raign'd nine yeeres in hap :
There was not here, so great a victor since,
That had such chaunce, and fortune in his lap.
For he by fate, and force did covet all,
And as turne came, stroke hard at Fortunes ball :
With manly mynd, and ran a reddie way,
To lose a joynt, or winne the gole by play.

At Wyneflow
now dwels Sir
Thomas Har-
bert, a little
from the same
Troy.

Maister Roger
Jeames dwelt at
Troy nere this
towne.

If Monmouth bring, such princes forth as this,
A soyle of grace, it shal be calde of right :
Speake what you can, a happie seate it is,
A trim shiere towne, for noble, barron or knight.
A cittie sure, as free as is the best,
Where size is kept, and learned lawyers rest :
Buylt auncient wise, in sweete and wholesome ayre,
Where the best fort, of people oft repayre.

The Earle of
Worcesters
house and castle.

The Earle of
Penbroke that
was created

Earle by King
Edward IV.

buylt the castell
of Ragglan
sumptuously at
the first.

Not farre from thence, a famous castle fine,
That Ragglan hight, stands moted almost round :
Made of freestone, upright as straight as line,
Whose workmanship, in beautie doth abound.
The curious knots, wrought all with edged tooles,
The stately tower, that looks ore pond and poole :
The fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yeeld in shewe, a rare and noble fight.

Earle of Worces-
ter Lord hereof.

Now Chepstowe comes, to mynd (as well it may)
Whose seate is set, some part upon an hill :

And through the towne, to Neawport lyes a way,

A faire bridge.
Maister Lewis
of Saint Peere
dwelles neere
that.

Sir Charles
Sommerfet at
the Grange
doth dwell
now.

That ore a bridge, on Wye you ride at will.
This bridge is long, the river swift and great,
The mountaine bigge, about doth shade the seate :
The craggie rocks, that ore the towne doth lye,
Of force farre of, doth hinder viewe of eye.

Sir William
Morgan that is
dead dwelt at
Pennycoyd.

The common port, and haven is so good,
It merits praise, because barkes there doe ride :
To which the sea, comes in with flowing flood,
And doth foure howers, above the bridge abide.

Beyond

Beyond the fame, doth Tynnterne abbey stand,
 As old a fell, as is within that land :
 Where divers things, hath bene right worthie note,
 Whereof as yet, the troth I have not gote.

Harbert of Col-
 broke buried
 there.

To Chepstowe yet, my pen agayne must passe,
 Where Strongbow once, (an earle of rare renowne)
 A long time since, the lord and maister was
 (In princely fort) of castle and of towne.
 Then after that, to Mowbray it befell,
 Of Norffolke duke, a worthie knowne full well :
 Who sold the same, to William Harbert knight,
 That was the Earle, of Penbrooke then by right.

Chepstow.
 In the castle
 there is an an-
 cient tower cal-
 led Longis to-
 wer, whereby
 rests a tale to be
 considered of.
 Of this Earle is
 a great and
 worthie tale to
 be heard.

His eldest sonne, that did succeede his place,
 (Of Huntynghton : and Penbrooke earle likewise)
 Had but one child, a daughter of great race :
 And she was matcht, with pompe and solempne guise,
 To Somerset, that was lord chamberlaine,
 And made an earle, in Henry seventh's raigne :
 Of him doth come, Earle Worster living nowe,
 Who buildeth up, the house of Ragglan throwe.

A peece of a
 petigree.
 Earle Strong-
 bowe was mar-
 ried to the King
 of Lynster's
 daughter in Ire-
 lande, and this
 Strongbowe wan
 by force of
 armes the earle-
 doms of Wolster
 and Tyroll.

A CREATION of an EARLE.

EDward by the grace of God, king most imperiall,
 Of France, and England, and the Lord of Ireland therewithall,
 To archbishops, and bishops all, to abbotes and to priors,
 To dukes, to earles, to barrons, and to sheriffes of the shires,
 To justices, to maiors, and chiefe of townly government,
 To baylieffes, and my lichefolke all, have herewith greeting sent.
 Knowe ye whereas we judge it is a gracious prince his parte,
 To yeeld love, favour, and reward to men of great defarte :
 Who of himfelfe, his royall house, and of the publique state,
 Have well deserv'd, their vertues rare ever to renumerate :
 And to adorne with high reward, such vertue cleere and bright,
 Stirrs others up to great attempts, and faintnes puts to flight.
 We following on the famous courfe, that former kings have run,
 That worthie and approved wight, whose deedes most nobly dun,
 Have greateft things of us deserv'd, we do intend to raife,
 To fame and honors highest type, with gifts of princely praife,
 That truely regall are we meane, that valiant worthie knight,
 That William Herbert hath to name, and now L. Herbert hight.
 Whose service when we first did raigne, we did most faithful find,
 When for our royal right we fought, which still we cal to mind :
 To which we ad from then till now, continuall services,
 Which many were whereof each one, to us most pleasing is.
 And chiefly when as lately now, his deedes did him declare,
 A worthie knight wherby he gayn'd, both fame and glorie rare :
 When as that rebell and our foe, even Jasper Tudyr's sonne,
 Who said he Earle of Penbroke was, did West Wales coast orerun,
 And there by subtile shifts and force, did divers fondrie waies
 Anoy our state, and therewithall a vyle sedition raife.

But

But there he gave to him a fielde, and with a valiant hand
 Orethrew him and his forces all, that on his part did stand.
 And marching all along those coasts, the most he flew out right,
 The rest he brake and so disperst, they gave themselves to flight.
 Our castle then of Hardelach, that from our first daies raigne,
 A refuge for all rebels did, against us still remaine :
 A fort of wonderous force, besiege about did he,
 And tooke it, where in most mens mynds, it could not taken be.
 He wan it and did make them yeeld, who there their fastie fought,
 And all the countrie thereabouts, to our obedience brought.
 These therefore his most worthie acts, we calling into minde,
 His services and great desarts, which we praise worthie finde :
 And for that cause we willing him, wick honors royalty
 For to adorne, decke, and advaunce, and to sublime on hye.
 The eight day of September, in the eight yeere of our raigne,
 We by this charter, that for ours shall firme for ever remaine.
 Of speciall grace and knowledge sure, found and determinate,
 And motion meere him William doe, of Penbroke Count create,
 Erect, preferre, and unto him the title stile and state,
 And name thereof and dignitie, forever appropriate,
 As Earle of Penbroke and withal, we give all rights that do
 All honours and preheminance, that state perteyne unto :
 With which estate, stile, honor, great, and worthie dignitie,
 By cincture of a sword, we him ennoble reallie.

For that the sence, and worthie words were great,
 The service such, as merites noble fame :
 The forme thereof, in verse I doe repeate,
 And shewe likewise, the Lattin of the same.
 He serv'd a King, that could him well reward,
 And of his house, and race tooke great regard,
 And recompens't, his manly doing right,
 With honor due, to such a noble knight.

The authors
 verses in the ho-
 nor of noble
 mynds.

Good men are Where loyal mynd, doth offer life and all,
 made of, and For to preserve, the prince and publique state :
 bad men re- There doth great hap, and thankfull fortune fall,
 buked. As guerdon sent, by destnie and good fate.
 No soveraine can, forget a subjects troeth,
 With whose good grace, great love and favour goeth :
 Great gifts and place, great glorie and renowne,
 They get and gayne, that truely serves a crowne.

Sir William
 Harbert of
 Saint Gillyans.

And thou my knight, that art his heire in blood,
 Though lordship, land, and Ragglands stately towers,
 A female heire, and force of fortunes flood
 Have thee bereft, yet bearst his fruits and flowers :
 His armes, his name, his faith and mynd are thyne,
 By nature, nurture, arte and grace devyne :
 Ore seas and lands, these move thee payns to take,
 For God, for fame, for thy sweete soveraines sake.

Here

Here followeth the CREATION of an EARLE
of PENBROKE in Latin.

EDwardus Dei gracia Rex Angliæ & Fraunciæ &
Dominus Hiberniæ, archiepiscopis, episcopis,
abbatib⁹, prioribus, ducibus, comitibus, baronibus,
justiciarijs, vicecomitibus, prepositis, ministris, &
omnibus ballivis, & fidelibus suis, salutē. Sciatis
quod cum felicis & grati admodum Regis munus cen-
seamus, de se, de Regia domo, deque Republica &
regno bene meritas personas, cōgruis amore, benevo-
lencia & liberalitate prosequi : denique & juxta exi-
mias probitates, easdem magnificentiū ornare & de-
corare, quatenus in personis hujuscemodi congestis
clarissimis virtutum præmiis ceteri, socordia ignavia-
que sepositis ad peragenda pulcherrima quæque fa-
cinora laude & gloria concitentur : Nos ne à majorum
nrō laudatissimis moribus discedere videamur, nostri
esse officii putamus probatissimū nobis virum qui ob
res ab se clarissimè gestas quàm maxima de nobis pro-
meruit, condignis honorū fastigiis attollere & verè
regiis insignire muneribus. Strenuum & insignem
loquimur militē Willūm Herbert dominum Herbart,
jam defunctū, cujus in regni nostri primordiis obse-
quia gratissima tum nobis multipliciter impensa cum
nrō pro ure decertaretur, satis ambiguè oblivisci non
possumus accedere & de post in hoc usque temporis
continuata servicia, que non parum nobis fuere com-

placita, presertim nuperimis hiis diebus quibus optimum se gessit militem, ac non mediocres sibi laudis & fame titulos comparavit. Hiis equidem jampridē cū rebellis, hostisque nostri Jasper Owini Tedur filliū, nuper Pembrochiæ se Comitem dicens, Walliæ partes pervaderet, multaque arte ad contra nos & statum nostrum vilem populo seditionem concitandum truculentiam moliretur, societatis sibi ad eandem rem conficiendam electissimis viris fidelibus nostris arma cepit, conflagendi copiam hostilibus exhibuit, adeoque valida manu pervasus ab ipsis partes pervagatus est & nusquam eis locum permiseret quo nō eos complicesque affligaverit, vires eorūdem fregerit, morteque affecerit, seu desperantes in fugam propulerit, demum castrum nostrum de Hardelagh nobis ab initio regni nostri contrarium, quo unicum miseris patebat refugium, obsidione vallabat, quod capi impossibile ferebatur, cepit, inclusos que ad deditionem compulit, adjacentum quoque primam omnem nostram Regiæ Majestati rebellem hætenus ad summam obedientiam reduxit. Hæc itaque sua laudabilia obsequia, promeritaque memoriter & ut decet intimè recolentes volentesque proinde eundem Willūm condignis honoribus, regalibusque præmiis ornare amplificare & sublimare, octavo die Septembris anno regni nostri octavo, per chartam nostram de gratia nostra speciali ac ex certa scientia & mero motu nostris ipsum Willūm in Comitem Pembrochiæ ereximus, præfecerimus, & creaverimus, & ei nomē, statum, stylum, titulum, & dignitatem Comitis Pembrochiæ cum omnibus & singulis præeminenciis honoribus & ceteris quibus-

quibuscunque hujus statui Comitibus pertinentibus, five congruis dederimus concesserimus, ipsumque hujusmodi statu, stilo, titulo, honore, & dignitate per cincturam gladii insigniverimus, & realiter nobilitaverimus.

This was set downe, for causes more then one,
The world beleeves, no more than it hath seene :
When things lye dead, and tyme is past and gone,
Blynd people say, it is not so weene.
It is a tale, devisde to please the eare,
More for delight, of toyes then troth may beare :
But those that thinks, this may a fable be,
To authors good, I send them here from me.

First let them searce, records as I have done,
Then shall they finde, this is most certaine true :
And all the rest, before I here begun,
Is taken out, not of no writers nue.
The oldest sort, and foundest men of skill
Myne authors are, now reade their names who will :
Their workes, their words, and so their learning
through,
Shall shewe you all, what troth I write of now.

Because

Because many that favoured not Wales (parſiall writers and historians) have written and ſet downe their own opinions, as they pleaſed to publiſh of that country: I therefore a little degreſſe from the orderly matter of the booke, and touch ſome what the workes and wordes of them that raſhly have written more then they knewe, or well could prove.

AS learned men, hath wrote grave works of yore,
 So great regard, to native ſoyle they had:
 For ſuch reſpect, I blame now Pollydore:
 Becauſe of Wales, his judgement was but bad.
 If Buckanan, the Scottiſh poet late
 Where here in ſprite, of Brittons to debate:
 He ſhould finde men, that would with him diſpute,
 And many a pen, which would his works confute.

But with the dead, the quick may never ſtrive,
 (Though ſondrie works, of theirs were little worth)
 Yet better farre, they had not bene alive,
 Than ſowe ſuch feedes, as brings no goodneſſe forth:
 Their praiſe is ſmall, that plucks backe others fame,
 Their love not great, that blots out neighbours name,
 Their bookes but brawles, their bable bauld and bare,
 That in diſdaine, of fables writers are.

What fable more, then ſay they knowe that thing
 They never ſawe, and ſo give judgement ſtreight;

And

And by their bookes, the world in error bring.
That thinks it reades, a matter of great weight.
When that a tale, of much untroth is told :
Thus all that shines, and glisters is not gold :
Nor all the bookes, that auncient fathers wrate
Are not alow'd, for troth in every state.

Though Cæsar was, a wise and worthie prince,
And conquerd much of Wales and England both :
The writers than, and other authors since,
Did flatter tyme, and still abuse the troth.
Some for a fee, and some did humors feede,
When fore was healde, to make a wound to bleede :
And some sought meanes, their patient still to please,
When body throwe, was full of foule disease.

The worldly wits, that with each tyme would wagge,
Were caryed cleane, away from wisedomes lore :
They rather watch, to fill an emptie bagge,
Than touch the tyme, then present or before :
Nor car'd not much, for future tyme to come,
They rould up tyme, like threede about the thome :
And when their clue, on trifles all was spent,
Much rotten stufte, unto the garment went.

Which stufte patcht up, a peece of homely ware,
In printers shop, fet out to sale sometyme :
Which ill wrought worke, at length became so bare,
It neither serv'd, for prose nor pleasant ryme :
But past like chat, and old wives tales full vayne,
That thunders long, but never brings forth rayne :

A kynd

A kynd of found, that makes a hurling noyse,
To feare young babes, with brute of bugges and toyes.

But aged fires, of riper wit and skill,
Disdaines to reade, such rabble farst with lyes :
This is enough, to shewe you my good will
Of authors true, and writers grave and wise.
Whose pen shall prove, each thing in printed booke,
Whose eyes withall, on matter straunge did looke :
And whose great charge, and labour witnesse beares,
Their words are just, they offer to your eares.

Each nation had, some writer in their daies,
For to advaunce, their countrey to the starres :
Homer was one, who gave the Greeks great praise,
And honord not, the Troyans for their warres.
Livi among the Romaines wrate right mitch,
With rare renowne, his countrey to enritch :
And Pollidore, did ply the pen apace,
To blurre straunge soyles, and yeeld the Romaines
grace.

Admit they wrate, their volumes all of troeth,
(And did affect ne man nor matter then)
Yet writer sees, not how all matters goeth
In field : when he, at home is at his pen.
This Pollidore, sawe never much of Wales,
Though he have told, of Brittons many tales :
Cæsar himself, a victor many a way,
Went not so farre, as Pollidore doth say.

Kings are obayd, where they were never seene,
 And men may write, of things they heare by eare :
 So Pollidore, oft tymes might overweene,
 And speake of foyles, yet he came never there.
 Some runne a ground, that through each water failes,
 A pilot good, in his owne compasse failes :
 A writer that, beleeves in worlds report,
 May rove to farre, or surely shoote to short.

The eye is judge, as lanterne cleere of light,
 That searcest through, the dim and darkest place:
 The gladfome eye, gives all the bodie fight,
 It is the glasse, and beautie of the face.
 But where no face, nor judging eye doth come,
 The sence is blynd, the spirit is deaffe and dome :
 For wit can not, conceive till sight fend in
 Some skill to head, whereby we knowledge win.

If straungers speake, but straungely on our state,
 Thinke nothing straunge, though straungers write
 amis :

If straungers do, our native people hate,
 Our countrey knowes, how straunge their nature is.
 Most straunge it were, to trust a forayne foe,
 Or favour those, that we for straungers knowe :
 Then straungely reade, the bookes that straungers
 make,
 For feare ye shroude, in bosome stinging snake.

The straungers still, in auncient tyme that wrate,
 Exalt themselves, and keepes us under foote :

D

Polidorus Vir-
 gilius spake all
 As of his owne na-
 tions praise,

praii
 praii
 praii

and sawe but
little of Brit-
taine, nor loved
the same.

As we of kynd, and nature doe them hate,
So beare they rust, and canker at the roote
Of heart, to us, when pen to paper goeth,
Their cunning can with craft so cloke a troeth,
That hardly we, shall have them in the winde,
To sinell them forth, or yet their finenesse finde.

Venerable Bede,
a noble writer.

Of force then must you credite our owne men,
(Whose vertues works, a glorious garland gaynes)
Who had the gift, the grace and arte of pen :
And who did write, with such sweete flowing vaynes,
That honey seem'd, to drop from poets quill :
I say no more, trust straungers and ye will,
Our countrey breedes, as faithfull men as those,
As famous too, in stately verse or prose.

Gildas, a passing
poet of Brit-
taine.

Sibilla, a de-
vine prophesiar
and writer.

And trueth I trowe, is likte among us best :
For each man frounes, when fabling toyes they heare,
And though we count, but Robin Hood a jest,
And old wives tales, as tatling toyes appeare :
Yet Arthurs raigne, the world cannot denye,
Such prooffe there is, the troth thereof to trye :
That who so speakes, against so grave a thing,
Shall blush to blot, the fame of such a king.

Merlinus Am-
brosus a man of
hye knowledge
and spirit.

Condemne the daies, of elders great or small,
And then blurre out, the course of present tyme :
Cast one age downe, and so doe orethrow all,
And burne the bookes, of printed prose or ryme :
Who shall beleewe, he rules or she doth raigne
In tyme to come, if writers loose their paine :
The pen records, tyme past and present both,
Skill brings foorth bookes, and bookes is nurse to troth.

Now

*Now followes the Castles and Townes neere OSKE,
and thereaboutes.*

A Pretie towne, calde Oske neere Raggland stands, A description of
Oske.
A river there, doth beare the self same name :

His christall streames, that runnes along the sands,
Shewes that it is, a river of great fame.

Fresh water sweete, this goodly river yeelds,
And when it swels, it spreads ore all the feelds :
Great store of fish, is caught within this flood,
That doth indeed, both towne and countrey good.

A thing to note, when sammon failes in Wye,
(And season there : goes out as order is)
Than still of course, in Oske doth sammons lye,
And of good fish, in Oske you shall not mis.

Two rivers nere
together of seve-
rall natures,
shewes a strange
thing.

And this seemes straunge, as doth through Wales ap-
peere,

In some one place, are sammons all the yeere :
So fresh, so sweete, so red, so crimp withall,
That man might say, loe, sammon here at call.

A castle there, in Oske doth yet remaine,
A feate where kings, and princes have been borne :
It stands full ore, a goodly pleasant plaine,
The walles whereof, and towers are all to torne,

King Edward
the fourth and
his children, (as
some affirme),
and King Rich-
ard the third,
were borne here.

THE WORTHINES

(With wethers blast, and tyme that weares all out:)
 And yet it hath, a fayre prospect about :
 Trim meades and walkes, along the rivers side,
 With bridge well built, the force of flood to bide.

Castle Stroge
 doth yet remaine
 three myle from
 Oske, but the
 castle is almost
 cleane downe.

Upon the side, of wooddie hill full fayre,
 This castle stands, full fore decayde and broke :
 Yet builded once, in fresh and wholesome ayre,
 Full neere great woods, and many a mightie oke.
 But sith it weares, and walles so waistes away,
 In praise thereof, I mynd not much to say :
 Each thing decayd, goes quickly out of minde,
 A rotten house, doth but few favours finde.

In the duchie of
 Lancaster these
 three castles are,
 but not in good
 plight any way.

Three castles fayre, are in a goodly ground,
 Grosmont is one, on hill it builded was :
 Skenfreth the next, in valley is it found,
 The foyle about, for pleasure there doth passe.
 Whit Castle is, the third of worthie fame,
 The countrey there, doth beare Whit Castles name,
 A stately seate, a loftie princely place,
 Whose beautie gives, the simple foyles some grace,

The Duke of
 York once lay
 here, and now
 the castell is in
 Maister Roger
 Willyams
 hands.

Two myles from that, upon a mightie hill,
 Langibby stands, a castle once of state :
 Where well you may the countrey view at will,
 And where there is, some buildings newe of late.
 A wholesome place, a passing plat of ground,
 As good an ayre, as there abouts is found :
 It seemes to fight, the seate was plait so well,
 In elders daies, some duke therein did dwell.

Carleon

Carleon now, step in with stately style,
 No feeble phraſe, may ſerve to ſet thee forth :
 Thy famous towne, was ſpoke of many a myle,
 Thou haſt bene great, though now but little worth.
 Thy noble bounds, hath reacht beyond them all,
 In thee hath bene, King Arthurs golden hall :
 In thee the wiſe, and worthies did reſoſe,
 And through thy towne, the water ebs and flowes.

A deſcription of
 Carleon.

Maſter Morgan
 of Lanternam in
 a fayre houſe
 dwelles two
 myle from Car-
 leon.

Come learned lore with loſtie ſtyle,
 And leade theſe lines of myne :
 Come gracious Gods, and ſpare a while
 To me the Muſes nyne.
 Come poets all, whoſe paſſing phraſe
 Doth pearce the fineſt wits :
 Come knowledge whereon world doth gaſe,
 (Yet ſtill in judgement fits)
 And helpe my pen to play his parte,
 For pen is ſtept on ſtage,
 To ſhewe by ſkill and cunning arte,
 The ſtate of former age.
 For preſent tyme hath friends enowe,
 To flatter faune and faine :
 And elders daies I knowe not how,
 Doe dwell in deepe diſdaine.
 No friend for auncient yeeres we finde,
 Our age loves youth alone :
 The former age weares out of mynde,
 As though ſuch tyme were none.

A plaine and
 true rehearſall
 of matter of
 great antiquitie.

A fayre foun-
 taine now be-
 gun.
 A free ſchoole
 now erected by
 Maſter Morgan
 of Lanternam.

A gird to the
 flatterers and
 fauners of pre-
 ſent tyme.

A houſe of re-
 formation new-
 ly begun like-
 wiſe.

King

THE WORTHINES

The Bishop of
Landaffe stilly-
ing in the
towne.

We praise and
extoll strange
nations, and for-
get or abase our
owne country.

In Arons the
martyrs church
King Arthur
was crowned.

Three archbi-
shops, Yorke,
London, and
Carleon, crown-
ing King Ar-
thur.

Arthur was great
that commanded
such solemnitie.

The true au-
thors are in the
beginning of
this booke for
profe of this.

King Arthurs raigne (though true it weare)
Is now of small account :

The fame of Troy is knowne each where,
And to the skyes doth mount.

Both Athens, Theabes, and Carthage too
We hold of great renowne :

What then I pray you shall we doo,
To poore Carleon towne.

King Arthur fure was crowned there,
It was his royall feate :

And in this towne did sceptre beare,
With pompe and honor greate.

An archbishop that Dubrick hight,
Did crowne this King in deede :
Foure kings before him bore in fight,
Four golden fwords we reede.

These kings were famous of renowne,
Yet for their homage due :
Repayrd unto Carleon towne,
As I rehearse to you.

How many dukes, and earles withall,
Good authors can you tell :
And so true writers shewe you shall,
How Arthur there did dwell.

What court he kept, what acts he did,
What conquest he obtaynd :

And

And in what princely honor still,
King Arthur long remaynd.

Queene Guenever was crowned likewise,
In Julius church they say :
Where that fower queenes in solemne guise,
(In royal rich array).

Another notable
solemnitie at a
coronation.
In Julius church
the martyr the
Queene was
crowned.

Foure pigeons white, bore in their hands
Before the Princeesse face :
In sign the queene of Brittish lands,
Was worthie of that grace.

An honor rare
and great yet sel-
dome seene.

Carleon lodged all these kings,
And many a noble knight :
As may be prov'd by sondrie things,
That I have seen in fight.

The bounds hath bene nine myles about,
The length thereof was great :
It shewes it self this day throughout,
It was a princes feate.

A deep and large
round peece of
ground shewes
yet where Ar-
thur fate.

In Arthurs tyme a table round,
Was there whereat he fate :
As yet a plot of goodly ground,
Sets foorth that rare estate.

The citie reacht to Creetchurch than,
And to Saint Gillyans both :
Which yet appeares to view of man,
To try this tale a troth.

A church on a
hil a mile of.
Saint Gillyans
is a faire house
where Sir Wil-
liam Harbert

There dwelles.

There are such vaultes and hollow caves,
Such walles and condits deepe :
Made all like pypes of earthen pots,
Wherein a child may creepe.

Wonderfull
huge and long
pavements.

Such streates and pavements fondrie waies,
To every market towne :
Such bridges built in elders daies,
And things of such renowne.

The notablest
seate to behold
being on the
top that may be
seene.

As men may muse of to behold,
But chiefly for to note :
There is a castle very old,
That may not be forgot.

The castle al-
most downe.

It stands upon a forced hill,
Not farre from flowing flood :
Where loe ye view long vales at will,
Envyron'd all with wood.

The flowing
water may easily
be brought about
both towne and
castle.

A seate for any king alive,
The foyle it is so sweete :
Fresh springs doth streames of water drive,
Almost through every streate.

A great beautie
of grounds, wa-
ters, groves, and
other pleasures
for the eye to be
seene from the
old castle of Car-
leon.

From castle all these things are seene,
As pleasures of the eye :
The goodly groves and vallies greene,
And woodie mountaine hye.
The crooked creekes and pretie brookes,
That are amid the plaine:

The

O F W A L E S.

The flowing tydes that spreads the land,
And turnes to sea againe.

The stately woods that like a hoope,
Doth compasse all the vale :

The princely plots that stands in troope,
To beautifie the dale.

The rivers that doth daily runne,
As cleare as christall stone :

Shewes that most pleasures under funne,
Carleon had alone.

Great ruth to see so brave a foyle,
Fall in so fore decay :
In sorowe fit, full nere the foyle,
As fortune fled away.

And world forooke to knowledge those,
That earst hath bene so greate :
Where Kings and grave philosophers,
Made once therein their seate.

Urbs Legionum was it namde,
In Cæsars daies I trowe :
And Arthur holding residence there,
(As stories plainly showe).

Not only kings and noble peeres,
Repayrde unto that place :
But learned men full many yeeres,
Receiv'd therein their grace.

I have seen caves
under ground (in
this day) that go
I knowe not how
farre, all made of
excellent work
and goodly great
stones both over
head and under
foote, and close
and fine round
about the whole
cave,

The name so
mightie argue
it was a mightie
and noble towne

Two hundred
philosophers
were nourished in
Carleon.

THE WORTHINES

Than you that auncient things denyes,
 Let now your talk surcease:
 When prose is brought before your eyes,
 Ye ought to hold your peace.

And let Carleon have his right,
 And joye his wonted fame:
 And let each wise and worthie wight,
 Speake well of Arthurs name.

Would God the brute thereof were knowne,
 In countrey, court, and towne:
 And she that sits in reagall throne,
 With sceptor, sword, and crowne.

(Who came from Arthurs rase and lync)
 Would marke these matters throwe:
 And shewe thereon her gracious eyne,
 To helpe Carleon now.

Thus farre my pen in Arthurs praise,
 Hath past for plainnesse sake:
 In honor of our elder daies,
 That keepes my muse awake.

All only for to publish plaine,
 Tyme past, tyme present both:
 That tyme to come, may well retaine,
 Of each good tyme, the troth.

OF WALES.

An Introduction to the Letters sent from Lucius Tyberius, at the Coronation of King Arthur.

NOT unwilling to delate and make large the matter now written of, and further because the raigne of King Arthur is diversly treated on and uncertainly spoken of (the men of this world are growen so wise) I have searched and found (in good authors) such certaintie of King Arthur, and matter that merits the reading, that I am compelled with pen to explaine, and with some pains and studie to present the world with in generall. The substance whereof being in Latin, (may be read and understood by thousands) is Englished because the common sorte (as well as the learned) shall see how little the kings and princes of this land, have esteemed the power of the Romaines, or manasing and force of any foraigne foe whatsoever. And for the amending of my tale, let our Soveraigne Ladie be well considered of, (whose graces passeth my pen to shewe) and you shall see great things are encountred, and no small matters gone about and brought to good passe, in the action afore named : which becommeth well a queene of that race, who is descended of so noble a progenie. But now purposing orderly to proceede to the former discourse, and to rehearse word for word, as it was left by our forefathers, (men of great learn-

THE WORTHINES

ing and knowledge) I have set doune some such letters and orations, as peradventure will make you to marvell of, or at the least to thinke on so much, that some one among a multitude, will yeeld me thanks for my labour, and rather encourage a true writer to continue in the like exercises, then to give him any occasion to sit ydle, and so forget the use of pen. There followeth hereafter those things before mentioned, which I hope the readers will judge with advisement, and construe to the best intent and meaning. For this matter not only shewes by good authoritie the royall coronation of King Arthur, but in like maner declares with what pride and pomp the Romans sent hether (at the very instant of this great triumph) for tribute and homage : at which proud and presumptuous demaund, King Arthur (and all his other princes about him) began to bee greatly moved, and presently without further delay, gave so sharpe and sodaine an answer to the embassadors of Rome, that they were so vexed and abashed therewith, that they neither knewe well how to take it, nor made any further reply : as followes by matter presently here, if you please thoroughly to reade it. Consider withall, that after this embassage, King Arthur in plaine battaile slue Lucius, and had gone to Rome to have bene crowned emperour there, if Mordred had not made a revolt in Arthurs owne kingdome.

The Coronation, and solemnitie thereof: the embassage, and proude message of the Romaines: and the whole resolution of King Arthur therein, is first set forth here in English.

THE appoynted tyme of the solemnitie approaching, and all being readie assembled in the citie of Carleon, the archbishops, London and Yorke: and in the citie of Carleon the archbishop Dubright were conueighed to the palace, with royall solemnitie to crowne King Arthur. Dubright therefore (because the court then lay within his diocesse,) furnished himself accordingly to perfourme and solemnize this charge in his owne person. The King being crowned, was royally brought to the cathedrall church of that metropolitall see. On either hand of him, both the right and the left, did two archbishops support him. And fower Kings, to wit, Angusell King of Albania, Caduall King of Venedocia, Cador King of Cornewall, and Sater King of Demetia, went before him, carrying fower golden swords. The companies also and concourse of fondrie sorts of officers, played afore him melodious and heavenly harmonie. On the other parte, the queene was brought to the church of professed nunnes, being conducted and accompanied with archbishops and bishops, with her armes and titles royally garnished. And the queenes,
being

being wives unto the fower Kings aforesayd, caryed before her (as the order and custome was) fower white doves or pigeons.

For behold, twelve discreete personages of reverend countenance came to the King in stately manner, carying in their right hands in token and signe of ambassage, olive boughs. And after they had saluted him, they delivered unto him on the behalfe of Lucius Tyberius, letters contayning this effect.

*The Epistle of Lucius the Romaine Lieutenant,
to Arthur King of Britaine.*

Lucius governer of the commonwealth, to Arthur King of Britaine, as he hath deserved. I have exceedingly wondered to thinke of thy malepert and tyrannicall dealing, I doe mervaile (I say) and in confidering the matter, I am angrie and take in ill part, the injurie that thou hast offered to Rome: and that thou, no better advifing thyself, refuseft to acknowledge her. Neither haft thou any care speedelie to redrefse thyne oversight, thus by unjust dealings to offend the fenate: unto whom thou art not ignorant, that the whole world oweth homage and fervice. For the tribute done for Britaine which the fenate commanded thee to pay; for that Julius Cæfar, and other worthie Romaines long and many yeers enjoyed the fame, thou to the contempt of fuch an honorable eftate, haft prefumed to detaine and keepe backe. Thou haft alfo taken from them Gallia: thou haft wonne from them, the provinces of Savoy and Daulphinie: thou haft gotten Allobroges. the poffeffion of all the iflands of the ocean: the kings whereof (fo long as the Romaine authoritie was there obeyed) payed tribute to our auncestors. Sith therefore the fenate hath decreed to redemaund amends and reftitution at thy hands for thefe thy fo great wrongs,

wrongs, I enjoyne and commaund thee to come to Rome in the middest of August, the next yeere; there to answere unto thy lords, and to abyde such sentence and order, as they by justice shall lay upon thee. Which thing if thou refuse to doe, I will invade thy countries, and whatsoever thy wilfull rashnes hath disloyally taken away from their commonwealth, that will I by dint of sword, assay to recover and to them restore.

*Cador the Duke of Cornewall, his Oration to
the King.*

I Have hitherto bene in feare, least the Britaines through much ease and long peace, should growe to flouth and cowardize; and lose that honorable reputation of chevalrie and martiall prowesse, wherein they are generally accoumpted to surmount all other nations. For where the use of armes is not esteemed, but in steede thereof, dycing, carding, dalying with women and other vayne delites frequented, it cannot choose, but there cowardize and fluggardie must needes dimme and deface all vertue, honour, valiaunce, and fame. There bee now almost five yeeres passed, since we having lacked martial exercise, have effeminately bene muzzeled in these foresayd delites. God therefore not willing to see us any longer marred and stayned with fluggardie, hath stirred up the Romaines that they should be the meanes to reduce our auncient valour unto the former state and dignitie. While he used these and such like wordes, confirmed by those that were there at that tyme in presence, they came at length to their benches or seates, where after that every person was set and placed: Arthur used this speech unto them.

The Oration of Arthur to his Lords and People.

MY fellowes (sayth he) and companyons both of aduersitie and prosperitie: whose fidelities I have heretofore both in your sound counfels, and in exployting militare services had good tryall and experience of: listen now and affoord unto me your advise, and wisely foresee, what you thinke convenient for us, touching such demaunds and commaundements, to be done. For when a thing is wisely aforehand deliberated and carefully foreseene, when it cometh to the pinch, it is more easilie avoyded and tolerated. We shall therefore the easier bee able to abyde the imperious demaund of Lucius, if wee lay our heads together and foresee, how and which way, wee may best defeate and infringe the same. And (surely) for my part, I doe not thinke that we have any cause greatly to feare him, sith upon an unreasonable cause he seeketh to have a trybute paid out of Britaine. For, he alledgeth, that the same is due and payable to him, because it was payd to Julius Cæsar and others his successors, which being invited and called hether through the discorde and jarres of the ancient Britaines, arrived here in Britaine with numbers of armed soldiours: and with force and vyolence, brought under their subjection, this our countrey, miserably tossed with civile garboyles and domesticall discord. And because they in this sort, got the possession of it, they have since taken and unjustly received

ceived a tribute out of it. For nothing that is gotten by force and vyolence, is justly possessed by him that offered the vyolence. The cause therefore which he pretendeth is unreasonable, whereby he deemeth us by law and right to be tributarie unto them. Sith therefore he thus presumeth to demand of us that which is unjust : let us by the same reason, demaund of him tribute at Rome : and he that is the stronger, let him carie away that which he desireth and claymeth. For, if his reason, why he demaundeth tribute now, as due, to be payed by us, because Cæsar and other Romaine princes sometymes conquered Britaine be good : by the like reason, I doe thinke that Rome ought to pay tribute to mee, because my predeceffors heretofore wanne and subdued it. For Belinus that most noble King of Britaines, with the helpe and ayde of his brother Brennus Duke of Savoy, *Allobroges*, tooke by force that citie, and long while possessed it, hanging up in the midst of their chiefe market place and high streete, twentie of their chiefest nobles among them. Constantine also the sonne of Helena, and Maximianus likewise, being both of them, my nere cosens, and either of them successively, crowned King of Britaine, were enthronized in the imperiall seate of the Romaine empyre. What thinke ye now ? Judge you that the Romaines have any reason or right to demaunde tribute at our hands ? As touching Fraunce or other collaterall islands of the ocean, it needeth no answere, sith they refused to defend them, when we forcibly tooke them out of their clutches and jurisdiction.

The Answer of Howell King of Little Britaine.

THough every one of you should never so diligently consider: and debate with himselfe never so advisedly in his mynd: yet doe I not thinke, that he could possiblief devise any better counsell then this, which thy most grave wisdom hath now remembered. Thy eloquent and Tullie like advise therefore, hath furnished us with that skill, whereby wee ought incessantly to commend in you the affect of a constant man, the effect of a wise mynd, and the benefit of prudent counsell. For, if ye will take your voyage and expedition to Rome, according to the reason afore alledged, I doubt not, but wee should winne tryumph, sith we doe but defend our libertie, and justly demaund of our enemies, that, which they have unjustly began to demaunde of us. For whosoever goeth about to defeate or dispossesse an other of his right, and to take from him that which is his owne: worthilie and deservedlie may bee put from that, which is his owne, by him to whom he hath offered and done such wrong and violence. Seeing therefore, the Romaines would so gladly take from us, that, which is our owne, we will without doubt, take from them that which they have, if we may once come to buckle with them. Behold this is the conflict that al true hearted Britaines so long have wished for: Behold these be the propheties of Sybilla now fulfilled, which so plainly and truely foretolde, that
of

Sybilla, her propheties touching the Britaines.

of the third flock of the Britaines there should one be borne, that should obtaine and possesse the Romain empyre. Now, for two of these, the prophecies bee alreadie fulfilled : sithence it is manifest (as thou hast alreadie declared) that those two most noble and excellent princes Belinus and Constantine, overcame, and gave the armes of the Romaine empyre. And now have we you, being the third, unto whom such high exployt and honour is promised. Make haste therefore to receive that which God is readie to bestowe on thee. Hasten (I say) to subdue that which he is willing should be subdued. Hasten to advaunce all us, that are here readie for thyne advaancement and honour, neither to refuse wounds, nor to lose life and and limme. And for thy better atchieving hereof, I my selfe will accompanie thee with tenne thousand well armed souldiours

An exhortation
of Howell.

The Sentence and Resolution of the King of Albania.

A Ngusell King of Albania, when Howell had made an ende of his oration, began to declare his lyking and opinion of the matter, in this sort following. Since the tyme that I heard my Lord utter his mynd, touching this case, I have conceived such inwarde joye as I am not able here afore you to expresse. For, in all our victorious conquests alreadie passed, and in so many kings and regions as wee have subdued, wee may well seeme to have done nothing at all; if wee suffer the Romaines and Germanes still to remaine, and doe not manfully wreke upon them, those bloodie slaughters, which heretofore they inflicted upon our auncestors and countrey men. And now sith wee have occasion and libertie to trye the matter with them by force of armes, I rejoyce exceedingly, and have a longing thirst to see that day, wherein we may meete together; yea I thirst, even as if I had been drye and kept three daies, thirstie, from a fountaine of water. Oh that I might see that day, how sweete and pleasant should those wounds be, that I should either give or take, when we coape together! yea, death itself shall be sweete and welcome, so that I may suffer the same in revenging our fathers, in defending our libertie, and
 advauncing

advauncing our King. Let us therefore give the charge and oncet upon yonder effeminate and meycocke people, and let us stand to our tackle like men: that after we have vanquished them, we may enjoye their honors and offices with joyful victorie. And for my parte, I will augment our armie with two thousand horsemen well appoynted and armed, beside footemen.

Here followeth the Latin of the English going before.

OMnibus in urbe legionum congregatio solemnitate instante archipræsules Londinensis Eboracensis : necnon in urbe legionum Archiepiscopus Dubricius ad pallatium ducuntur ut regem Arthurum diademate regali coronarent. Dubricius ergo quoniam in sua duecesi curia tenebatur : paratus ad celebrandum hujus rei curam suscepit. Rege tandem insignito ad templum metropolitanæ sedis ornatè conducitur : à dextro & à lævolatere duo archipontifices ipsum tenebant. Quatuor autem reges, viz. Anguselus rex Albanix, Caduallus Venedociæ rex, Cador rex Cornubiæ, & Sater rex Demetix : quatuor aureos gladios ante ipsum ferentes præibant. Conventus quoque multimodocum ordinatorum miris modulationibus præcinebat. Ex alia parte reginam suis insignibus laureatum archipræsules atque pontifices ad templum dicatorem puellarum conducebant. Quatuor quoque prædictorum regum reginæ quatuor albas columbas de more præferebant.

Ecce enim duodecim viri maturæ etatis reverendi vultus : ramos olivæ in signum legationis in dextris ferentes moderatis passibus ad regem ingrediuntur : & eo salutato literas ipsi ex parte Lucii Tiberii in hæc verba obtulerunt.

Luci

Lucii Romani *procuratoris ad* Arthurum Brito-
num *regem epistola.*

Lucius reipublicæ procurator Arthuro regi Bri-
taniæ quid meruit. Admirans vehementer admi-
ror super tuæ tyrannidis protervia. Admiror inquam
& injuriam quam Romæ intulisti recolligens, indig-
nor quod extra te egressus eam cognoscere diffugas :
nec animadvertere festines quid sit injustis actibus se-
natum offendisse : cui totum orbem famulatum de-
bere non ignoras. Etenim tributū Britannia quod
tibi senatus reddere præceperat : quia Caius Julius ce-
teriq; Romanæ dignitatis viri illud multis tempori-
bus habuerent: neglecto tanti ordinis imperio deti-
nere præsumpsisti. Eripuisti quoque illi Galliam :
eripuisti Allobrogum provinciā: eripuisti omnes ocea-
ni insulas : quarum reges dum Romana potestas in il-
lis partibus pervaluit, vectigal majoribus nostris red-
diderūt. Quia ergo de tantis injuriarum tuarum cu-
mulis senatus reparationem petere decrevit mediantē
Augustum proximi annī terminum perfigens Romam
te venire jubeo : ut dominis tuis satisfaciens senten-
tie quam eorum dictatori justitia acquiescas. Sin ali-
ter ipse partes tuas adibo & quicquid vefania tua rei-
publicæ erripuit eidem mediantibus gladiis restituere
conabor.

Cadoris ducis Cornubiæ ad regem.

HUC usq; in timore fueram ne Britones longa pace quietos ocium quod ducunt ignavos faceret, famamque militiæ qua ceteris gentibus clariores censerent in eis omnino deleteret. Quippe ubi usus armorum videtur abesse, alearum vero & mulierum inflammationes, ceteraque oblectamenta adesse: dubitandum non est quin quod erat virtutis: quod honoris, quod audaciæ: quod famæ ignavia commaculet. Fere namque transacti sunt quinque anni ex quo (predictis delitiis dediti) exercitio Martis caruimus. Deus igitur ut nos segnitia liberaret: Romanos in hunc affectum induxit ut in pristinum statum nostram probitatem reducerent. Hæc & hiis similia illo cum cæteris dicente venerunt tandem ad sedilia ubi collocatis singulis: Arthurus illos in hunc modum affatus.

Oratio Arthuri ad suos.

COnfocii (inquit) adversitatis & prosperitatis: quorum probitatis hactenus, & in dandis cōfiliis, & in militiis agendis expertus sum: adhibete & monete nunc unanimiter sensus vestros, & sapienter providete qua super talibus mandatis nobis esse agenda noveritis. Quicquid enim à sapiente diligentur providetur cum ad actum accedit facilius toleratur. Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucii tolerare poterimus si communi studio premeditati fuerimus quibus modis eam debilitare instaremus. Quam non multum timendam nobis esse existimo: cum ex irrationabili causa exigat tributum quod ex Britannia habere desiderat. Dicit enim ipsum sibi dare debere quia Julio Cæsari ceterisque successoribus suis redditum fuerit: qui dissidio priscorū Britonum invitatem cum armata manu in Britanniam applicuerunt: atque patriam domesticis motibus vacillantē suæ potestati vi, & violētia submisarent. Qui vero hoc modo eam adepti fuerunt vectigal ex ea injuste ceperunt. Nihil enim quod vi ut violentia acquiritur juste ab ipso possidetur qui violentiam metuit.

Irrationabilem ergo causam pretendit: qua nos jure sibi tributarios esse arbitratur. Quoniam ergo id quod injustū est à nobis præsumit exigere: consimili ratione petamus ab illo tributum Romæ: & qui for-

tior supervenerit ferat quod habere exoptavit. Nam si quia Cæsar cæterique Romani reges Britanniam olim subjugaverunt vectigal nunc debere sibi ex illa reddi decernit: Similiter nunc ego censeo quam Roma mihi tributum reddere debet: quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt. Belinus etenim ille Britonum ferenissimus rex usus auxilio fratris sui, Brenni videlicet ducis Allobrogum: suspensis in medio foro viginti nobilioribus Romanis: urbem ceperunt, captamque multis temporibus possederunt. Constantinus etiam Helenæ filius necnon & Maximianus uterque mihi cognatione propinquus alter post alterum diademate Britanniae insignitus: thronum Romani imperii adeptus est. Censetis ne ergo vectigal Romanis petendum? De Gallia autem sine de collateralibus insulis oceani non est respondendum: cum illas diffugerent quando easdem potestati eorum subtrahebamus.

Hoeli regis Minoris Britanniae, *responsio.*

Licet unusquisque vestrum totus in se reversus, omnia, & omnibus animo tractare valuerit non existimo cum præstantius consiliū posse invenire quam istud quod modo discretio solertis prudentiæ tuæ recoluit. Proinde etenim providit nobis tua deliberatio Tulliano liquore lita. Unde constantis viri affectum : sapientis animi effectum optimi consilii profectum laudare indefinenter debemus. Nam si juxta prædictā rationem Romam adire volueris non dubito quin triumpho potiamur : dum libertatem nostrā tueamur dum juste ab inimicis nostris exigamus quod à nobis injuste petere incæperunt. Quicumque enim sua alteri eripere conatur merito quæ sua sunt per eum quem amittit. Quia ergo Romani nostra nobis demere affectant : sua illis procul dubio : auferemus si autoritas nobis congregiendi præstabitur. En congressus cunctis Britonibus desiderandus. En vaticinia Vaticinia Sibille
de Britonibus. sibyllæ quæ veris auguriis testantur : ex Britannico genere tertio nasciturum qui Romanum obtinebit imperiū. De duobus autem adimpleta sunt oracula : cum manifestum si præclaros ut dixisti principes Belinum atque Constantinum imperii Romani gessisse insignia & imperia. Nunc verò te tertium habemus, cui tātum culmen honoris promittitur. Festina ergo recipere : quod deus non differt largiri. Festina subjugare

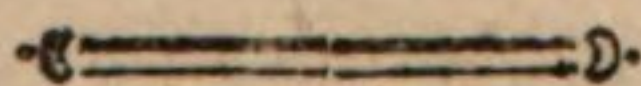
Exhortatio
Hoeli.

jugare quod ultro vult subjugari. Festina nos omnes exaltere qui ut exalteris nec vulnera recipere : nec vitam amittere diffugiamus. Ut autem hæc perficias decem millibus armatorum præsentiam tuam conabor.

Senten-

Sententia regis Albania.

ANgufelus Albanix rex : ut Hoelus finem dicendi fecerat : quod super hac re affectabat in huc modum manifestare perrexit. Ex dominum meum ea quæ dixit affectare conjeci : tanta lætitia animo meo illapsa est : quantam nequeo in vestra presentia exprimere. Nihil enim in transactis debellationibus quas tot & tantis regibus intulimus egisse videmur : si Romani & Germani illesi permaneant : nec in illos clades quas olim nostratibus ingesserunt viriliter vindicemus. Ac nunc quoniam licentia congrediendi permittitur gaudens admodū gaudeo & desiderio diei quo conveniamus æstuans sitio cruorem illorum quem admodū fontem si triduo prohiberer. O si illam lucem videbo quæ dulcia erunt vulnera quæ vel recipiam vel inferam : quando dextras conferemus. Ipsa etiam mors dulcis erit : dum eam in vindicando patres nostros : in tuendo libertatem nostram : in exaltando regem nostrum perpeffus fuero. Aggrediamur ergo semiviros illos & aggrediendo perstemus ut devictis ipsis eorum honoribus cum læta potiamur victoria. Exercitum autem nostrum duobus milibus armatorū equitum exceptis peditibus angebo.



Would to God we had the like ayde of Kings and offer now to daunt the pride of the Romish practises.

The true Authors of this whole Booke.

Johannes Badius Ascenciu.

Merlinus Ambrosius.

Gualterus Monemotensis.

Giraldus Cambrensis.

Johannes Bale of Brutus.

Jeffrey of Monmouth.

Analles sue
gentes.

Gildas Cambrius, a poet of Britaine.

Sibilla.

Two brethren that were martyrs, Julius and Aron
in Carleon, in whose names two churches were built
there.

Thelians Episcopus Landaph.

Saint Augustine could not make the Britaines be
obedient to the Archbishop of Canterburie, but yet
they onely submitted themselves to the Archbishop of
Carleon, in Adelbrights tyme that was King of Kent.

Now

NOW must I touch, a matter fit to knowe,
A fort and strength, that stands beyond this
towne :

A hill most notable neere Carleon a myle from the town.

On which you shall, behold the noblest shewe,
(Looke round about, and so looke rightly downe)
That ever yet, I sawe or man may view :
Upon that hill, there shall appeare to you,
Of seaven shieres, a part and portion great,
Where hill it selfe, is sure a warlike feate.

Ten thousand men, may lodge them there unseene,
In trebble dykes, that gards the fortresse well :
And yet amid, the fort a goodly greene,
Where that a power, and mightie campe may dwell;
In spyte of world, if soldiours victuall have.

The hill so stands, if bird but wing doe wave,
Or man or beast, but once stirre up the head
A bowe above, with shaft shall strike it dead.

A very high hill of a marvelous strength which was a strong fort in Arthurs daies.

The hill commaunds, a marvels way and scope,
It seemes it stood, farre off for townes defence,
And in the warres, it was Carleons hope :
Or els in deede, the Duke of Gloster fence
(That did destroy, both town and all therein)

Bellinus Magnus made this called Bellingstocke.

To serve his turne, this fortresse did begin.
Not farre from this, much like unto the same,
Tombarlown stands, a mountaine of some fame.

A wonderfull high mountaine with the like manner of defence.

The towne of
Neawport.

A towne nere this, that buylt is all a length,
Cal'd Neawport now, there is full fayre to viewe :

On a round hill
by the church
there is for sea
and land the most
princely fight
that any man
living at one in-
stant may with
perfect eye be-
hold.

Which seate doth stand, for profite more then strength,
A right strong bridge, is there of timber newe :
A river runnes, full nere the castle wall :
Nere church likewise, a mount behold you shall,
Where sea and land, to fight so plaine appeeres,
That there men see, a part of five fayre sheeres.

The towne hath
marchants in it.
A castle is at the
end of this
towne, and full
by the bridges
and river.

As upward hye, aloft to mountaine top,
This market towne, is buylt in healthfull sort :
So downward loe, is many a marchants shop,
And many fayle, to Bristowe from that port.
Of auncient tyme, a citie hath it bin,
And in those daies, the castle hard to win :
Which yet shewes fayre, and is repayrd a parte,
As things decayd, must needes be helpt by arte.

Greenefield ca-
stle that was the
Duke of Lanca-
sters.

A goodly seate, a tower, a princely pyle,
Built as a watch, or fastie for the soyle,
By river stands, from Neawport not three myle.

Eboyth is the ri-
vers name that
runneth here.

This house was made, when many a bloodie broyle,
In Wales God wot, destroyd that publicke state :
Here men with sword, and shield did braules debate :
Here fastie stood, for many things in deede,
That fought saveguard, and did some fucker neede.

For river, wood,
pasture ayre,
walke and plea-
sure, this place
passeth.

The name thereof, the nature shewes a right,
Greenefield it is, full gay and goodly fure :
A fine sweete soyle, most pleasant unto fight,
That for delight, and wholesome ayre so pure,

It may be praisde, a plot fought out so well,
As though a king, should say here will I dwell :
The pastures greene, the woods, and water cleere,
Sayth any prince may buyld a pallace heere.

And in this place, and many parts about,
Is grasse and corne, and fertile ground enough :
And now a while, to speake of Wales throughout,
Where if men would, take paynes to plye the plough :
Digge out of drosse, the treasure of the earth,
And fall to toyle, and labour from their birth :
They should as soone, to store of wealth attaine,
As other soyles, whose people takes great paine.

A true judge-
ment of the com-
modities in
Wales if the peo-
ple there would
be laborous.

But most of Wales, likes better ease and rest,
(Loves meat and mirth, and harmlesse quiet daies)
Than for to toyle and trouble brayne and brest,
To vex the mynd, with worldly wearie waies)
Some stand content, with that which God shall send,
And on their lands, their stock and store doth spend ;
And rubs out life, cleane voyde of further care,
Because in world, right well to live they are.

Nychill.

Yet were they bent, to proule and purchase still,
And searck out wealth, as other nations doe :
They have a soyle, a countrey rich at will,
Which can them make, full quickly wealthie too.
They have begun, of late to lime their land,
And plowes the ground, where sturdie okes did stand :
Converts the meares, and marrish every where,
Whose barraine earth, begins good fruite to beare.

The people of
Wales in many
places thrives by
labour daylie,
and gets great
gayne through

They teare up trees, and takes the rootes away,
 Makes stonie fieldes, smooth fertile fallowe ground :
 Brings pastures bare, to beare good grasse for hay,
 By which at length, in wealth they will abound.
 Wales is this day (behold throughout the sheeres,)
 In better state, than twas these hundred yeeres :
 More rich, more fine, and further more to tell,
 Fewe men have knowne, the countrey halfe so well.

I have knowen
 many places so
 barraine, that
 they have fought
 for corne farre off,
 who now are able
 to live without
 helpe of any
 other countrey.

Whereas at first, they fought for corne farre off,
 (To helpe the wants, of Wales when grayne was deere)
 Now on the boord, they have both cheese and lose,
 To shewe the world, in house is greater cheere.
 The open plaine, that hath his rubbish lost,
 Saith plentie is, through Wales in every coast :
 The well wrought ground, that thousands may behold,
 Where thornes did growe, sayth now there springs up
 gold.

I meane where weedes, and thistles long hath growne,
 (Wild drosse and docks, and stinking nettles vile)
 There Barley sweete, and goodly wheate is sowne,
 Which makes men rich, that liv'd in lacke long while,
 No gift nor gayne, more great and good to man,
 Then that which toyle, and honest labour wan :
 What sweat of browes, brings in is sugred sweete,
 Makes glad the mynd, and comforts hart and spreete.

Aborgaynies

*Aborgaynies Towne is walled round about, and bath
fayre Suburbs also.*

RETURNE I must, to my discourse before,
Of borrow townes, and castles as they are :
Aborgaynie, behind I kept in store,
Whose seate and soyle, with best may well compare.
The towne somewhat, on steepe and mounting hill,
With pastor grounds, and meddowes great at will :
On every side, huge mountaines hard and hye,
And some thicke woods, to please the gazers eye.

*It stands over
two little rivers,
called Ceybbie
and Ceyvennie,
of which Cey-
venie, Aborge-
vennie tooke
name.*

The river Ofke, along the vale doth passe,
Right underneath, an auncient bridge of stone :
A goodly worke, when first it reared was,
(And yet the shiere, can shewe no such a one)
Makes men to knowe, old buildings were not bace,
And newe things blush, that steps not so in place,
With suretie good, and shewe to step on stage.
To make newe world, to honor former age.

*The bridge of
stone a eleven
fayre arches, and
a great bridge of
stone to come
drylie to that
bridge.*

For former tyme, built townes and castles trim,
Made bridges brave, and strong for tyme to come :
And our young daies, that doth in glorie swim,
Holds hard in hand, that finger fast may thome.

*Of the bountie of
tyme past, and
the hardnes of
our age.*

Looke

THE WORTHINES

Looke what tyme past, made gallant fresh and fayre,
Tyme present spoyles, or will not well repayre :

A fayre and no-
ble castle be-
longing to the
auncient house
and race of the
honorable, the
Lord of Abor-
gaynie.

As in this towne, a stately castle shooes,
Which loe to ruyne, and wretched wracke it goes.

Most goodly towers, are bare and naked last,
That cov'red were, with timber and good lead :
These towers yet stand, as streight as doth a shaft,
The walles whereof, might serve to some good stead.
For found and thicke, and wondrous high withall,
They are in deede, and likely not to fall :
Would God therefore, the owner of the same,
Did stay them up, for to encrease his fame.

The bountie of
the castle and
countrie.

Who doth delight, to see a goodly plaine,
Faire rivers runne, great woods and mountaines hye :
Let him a while, in any tower remaine,
And he shall see, that may content the eye.
Great ruth, to let so trim a seate goe downe,
The countries strength, and beautie of the towne :
A lordly place, a princely plot and viewe,
That laughs to scorne, our patched buildings newe.

A goodly and
stately peece of
worke as like
to fall as be re-
payred againe.

The shell of this, I meane the walles without,
The worthie worke, that is so finely wrought :
The fellers deepe, and buildings round about,
The firme freestone, that was so derely bought,
Makes men lament, the losse of such a thing,
That was of late, a house for any king.
Yea who so wayes, the worth of castle yet,
With heavie mynd, in muse and dump shall sit.

To see so strong, and stately worke decay,
 The same disease, hath Ofke in castle wall :
 Which on maine rocke, was builded every way,
 And now Got wot, is readie downe to fall.
 A number more in Monmouth shiere I finde,
 That can not well, abyde a blast of winde :
 The losse is theirs, that sees them overthrowne,
 The gaine were ours, if yet they were our owne.

Any heart in the
 world would pit-
 tie the decay of
 castles in Mon-
 mouth shiere.

Though castle here, through trackt of tyme is worne,
 A church remaines, that worthie is of note :
 Where worthie men, that hath bene nobly borne,
 Were layd in tombe, which els had been forgot.
 And buried cleane, in grave past mynd of man,
 As thousans are, forgot since world began :
 Whose race was great, and who for want of tome,
 In dust doth dwell, unknowne till day of dome.

In this church
 was a most fa-
 mous worke in
 maner of a ge-
 nealogie of
 kings, called the
 roote of Jesse,
 which worke is
 defaced and pul-
 led downe in
 peeces.

In church there lyes a noble knight,
 Enclosde in wall right well :

Crosselegged as it seemes to fight,
 (Or as record doth tell)

He was of high and princely blood,

His armes doth shewe the fame :

For thereby may be understood,

He was a man of fame.

His shield of blacke he beares on brest,

A white crowe plaine thereon :

A ragged sleeve in top and crest,

All wrought in goodly stone.

On the right
 hand in a faire
 chappell.

Both the win-
 dowe, and in
 other parts a-
 bout him shewes
 that he was a
 stranger.

Blewe is.

And

The labell
whereon are
nyne flower-de-
lucis.

And under feete, a greyhound lyes,
Three golden Lyons gay,
Nine flowerdeluces there likewise,
His armes doth full display.

On the left
hand a Lord of
Aborgany.

A lord that once enjoyde that feate,
Lyes there in sumptuous sort:
They say as loe his race was great,
So auncient men report.

His force was much: for he by strength
With bull did struggle so,
He broke cleane off his hornes at length,
And therewith let him go.

This Lord a bull hath under feete,
And as it may be thought,
A dragon under head doth lye,
In stone full finely wrought.

The worke and tombe so auncient is,
(And of the oldest guyse)
My first bare view, full well may mis,
To shewe how well he lyes.

Sir William
Thomas Knight
(alias) Harbert.

A tombe indeede, of charge and showe,
Amid the chappell stands:
Where William Thomas knight ye knowe,
Lyes long with stretched hands,
A Harbert was he cal'd of right,
Who from great kindred cam,
And married to a worthie wight,
Daughter to Davie Gam,

Sir Davie Gam
Knight, father
to this Knight's
wife.

A knight

(A knight likewise, of right and name)
 This Harbert and his feere,
 Lyes there like one that purchast fame,
 As plainly doth appeere.
 His tombe is rich and rare to viewe,
 Well wrought of great device :
 Though it be old, tombes made but newe,
 Are of no greater price.
 His armes three ramping lyons white,
 Behind his head in shield :
 A crowned lyon blacke is hers,
 Set out in most rich field :
 Behind her head is likewise there,
 Loe what our elders did,
 To make those famous every where,
 Whose vertues are not hid.

In tombe as trim as that before,
 Sir Richard Harbert lyes :
 He was at Banbrie field of yore,
 And through the battaile twife :
 He past with pollax in his hands,
 A manly act in deede,
 To preace among so many bands,
 As you of him may reede.
 This valiant knight, at Colbroke dwelt,
 Nere Aborgaynie towne :
 Who when his fatall destnie felt,
 And fortune flong him downe,
 Among his enemies lost his head,
 A rufull tale to tell :

This Knight
 was slaine at
 Edgingcourt
 field.

His tombe is of
 hard and good
 allabaster.

Sir William
 Thomas was fa-
 ther to the next
 that followes,
 called Sir Rich-
 ard Harbert of
 Colbroke
 Knight.

In the chronicle
 this is rehearsed.

On the left hand
 of the chappell
 they lye.

She was daughter
to Thomas
ap Griffith father
to Sir Rice
ap Thomas
knight.

Yet buried was as I have said,
In sumptuous tombe full well.
His wife dame Margret by his side,
Lyes there likewise for troth :
Their armes as yet may be tryed,
(In honor of them both)
Stands at their heads, three lyons white
He gives as well he might :
Three ravens blacke, in shield she gives,
As daughter to a knight.
A sheafe of arrowes under head,
He hath as due to him :
Thus there these worthie couple lye,
In tombe full fine and trim.

On the right
hand of the
chappell.

Now in another passing tombe,
Of beautie and of charge,
There lyes a squire (that Harbert hight)
With cost set out at large.
Two daughters and fixe sonnes also,
Are there set nobly forth :
With other workes that makes the shewe,
And monument more worth.
Himselfe, his wife, and children to,
Lyes shrouded in that seate :
Now somewhat for that squire I do,
Because his race was great.
He was the father of that earle,
That dyed lord steward late,
A man of might, of spreet most rare,
And borne to happie fate.

The old Earle of
Penbroke one of
the privy coun-
sell.

His

His father layd so richly here,
 So long agoe withall,
 Shewes to the lookers on full cleere,
 (When this to mynd they call)
 This squire was of an auncient race,
 And borne of noble blood :
 Sith that he dyed in such a cace,
 And left such worldly good,
 To make a tombe so rich and brave :
 Nay further now to say,
 The three white lyons that he gave
 In armes, doth rare bewray :
 And makes them blush and hold downe browe,
 That babble out of square.
 Rest there and to my matter now :
 Upon this tombe there are
 Three lyons and three white bores heads :
 The first three are his owne.
 The white bores heads his wife she gave,
 As well in Wales is knowne.
 A lyon at his feete doth lye,
 At head a dragon greene :
 More things who lists to search with eye,
 On tombe may well be seene.

Amid the church, Lord Hastings lay,
 Lord Aborgaynie than :
 And since his death remov'd away,
 By fine device of man :
 And layd within a windowe right,

In the window
 now he lyes.

THE WORTHINES

Full flat on stonie wall :
 Where now he doth in open fight,
 Remaine to people all.
 The windowe is well made and wrought,
 A costly worke to see :
 In which his noble armes are thought,
 Of purpose there to bee.
 A ragged sleeve and fixe red birds,
 Is portrayd in the glasse :
 His wife hath there her left arme bare,
 It seemes her sleeve it was
 That hangs about his necke full fine,
 Right ore a purple weede :
 A robe of that fame colour too,
 The ladie weares in deede.
 Under his legges a lyon red,
 His armes are rare and ritch :
 A harrold that could shewe them well,
 Can blase not many fitch.
 Sixe lyons white, the ground fayre blew,
 Three flowerdeluces gold :
 The ground of them is red of hew,
 And goodly to behold.
 But note a greater matter now,
 Upon his tombe in stone
 Were fourteene lords that knees did bow
 Unto this lord alone.
 Of this rare worke a porch is made,
 The barrons there remaine
 In good old stone, and auncient trade,
 To shewe all ages plaine.

Some say this
 great Lord was
 called Bruce and
 not Hastings,
 but most doe
 hold opinion he
 was called Hast-
 ings.

What

What homage was to Hastings due,
 What honour he did win :
 What armes he gave, and so to blaze
 What lord had Hastings bin.

Right ore against this windowe, loe
 In stone a ladie lyes :
 And in her hands a hart I troe,
 She holds before your eyes :
 And on her breast, a great fayre shield,
 In which she beares no more
 But three great flowerdeluces large :
 And even loe, right ore
 Her head another ladie lyes
 With squirrell on her hand,
 And at her feete, in stone likewise,
 A couching hound doth stand :
 They say her squirrell lept away,
 And toward it she run :
 And as from fall she fought to stay
 The little pretie Bun,
 Right downe from top of wall she fell,
 And tooke her death thereby.
 Thus what I heard, I doe you tell,
 And what is seene with eye.

A ladie of Abor-
 gaynie.

A ladie of some
 noble house
 whose name I
 knowe not.

A friend of myne who lately dyed,
 That Doctor Lewis hight :
 Within that church his tombe I spyed,
 Well wrought and fayre to fight.
 O Lord (quoth I) we all must dye,

Doctor Lewis
 lately judge in
 the Amoraltie.

THE WORTHINES

No lawe, nor learnings lore :
No judgement deepe, nor knowledge hye,
No riches lesse or more,
No office, place, nor calling great,
No worldly pompe at all,
Can keepe us from the mortall threat
Of death, when God doth call.
Sith none of these good gifts on earth,
Have powre to make us live :
And no good fortune from our birth,
No hower of breath can give.
Thinke not on life and pleasure heere,
They passe like beames of sunne :
For nought from hence we carrie cleere,
When man his race hath runne,

An Introduction for Breaknoke Shiere.

IS bodie tyerd with travaile, God forbid,
That wearie bones, so soone should seeke for rest ;
Shall fences sleepe, when head in house is hid,
As though some charme, were crept in quiet brest.
And so bewitch, the wits with too much ease,
That duls good spreete, and blunts quicke sharpe de-
vice :

Which climes the clowdes, and wades through deepest
feas,

And goes before, and breakes the frozen ice,
To cleere the coast, and make the passage free
For trav'lers all, that will great secrets see.

When quick conceyt, by slouth is rockt asleepe,
And fresh device, goes faynt for lack of use :
Along the limmes, doth lazie humours creepe,
And daylie breedes, in bodie great abuse.

If metall fine, be not kept cleane from rust,
The brightest blade, will sure some cancker take :
And when cleere things, are staynd with drosse and dust,
They must be skour'd by skill, for profites sake.
Wit is nought worth, in ydle braine to rest,
Nor gold doth good, that still lyes lockt in chest.

The soft downe bed, and chamber warm'd with fire,
Or thicke furd gowne, is all that fluggard seekes :

But

But men of spreete, whose hearts do still aspire,
 Do labour long, with leane and lentten cheekes.
 To trye the world, and taste both sweete and fower :
 Who much doth see, may much both speake and write,
 Who little knowes, hath little wit or power
 To winne the wise, or dwell in worlds delight.
 Feare not to toyle, for he that sowes in paine,
 Shall reape with joye, for store good corne againe.

In reachlesse youth, whiles fancie flewe with winde,
 Feete could not stay, the bodie mov'd so fast :
 For every part, thereof did answer minde,
 Till aged yeeres, sayd wanton daies were past.
 If that be true, found judgement should be fraught
 With graver thoughts, and greater things of weight :
 Sith sober sence, at lightnesse now hath laught,
 Thy reason should, set crooked matters streight :
 And newly frame, a forme of fine device,
 That vertue may, bring knowledge most in price.

To treat of tyme, and make discourse of men,
 And how the world, doth chop and chaunge estate,
 Doth well become, an auncient writers pen :
 If skill will serve, such secretes to debate.
 If no, hold on the course thou hast begun,
 To talke of townes, and castles as they are :
 And looke thou doe, no toyle nor travaile shun,
 To set foorth things, that be both straunge and rare.
 If age doe droope, and can abide no toyle,
 When thou comest home, yet set out some sweete soyle.

Though

Though joynts waxe stiffe, and bodie heavie growes,
And backe bends downe, to earth where corps must
lye :

And legges be lame, and gowte creepes in the toes,
Cold crampe, and cough, makes groning goast to crye.
When fits are past, if any rest be found,
Plye pen againe, for that shall purchase praise :
Yea though thou canst, not ride so great a ground,
As all ore Wales, in thyne old aged daies :
Forget no place, nor soyle where thou hast bin,
With Breaknocke Shiere, than thou this booke begin.

Shewe what thyne eyes, are witnesse of for troth,
And leave the rest, to them that after lives :
When man is cal'd, away to grave he goeth,
Death steales the life, that God and nature gives.
Thou hast no state, nor pattent here on earth,
But borrowed breath, the bodie beares about :
Death daylie wayts, on life from hower of birth,
And when he lifts, he blowes thy candle out.
Then leave some worke, in world before thou passe,
That friends may say, loe here a writer was.

My muse thus sayd, and so she shranke aside,
As though some spreet, a space had spoke to mee :
With that I had, a friend of myne espyde,
That stood farre of, behind a lawrell tree.
For whom I cal'd, and told him in his eare
My Muses tale : but therewithall his eyes
Bedeaw'd his cheekes, with many a bitter teare,
For sorrowe great, that from his heart did rise.

Oh friend (quoth he) thy race I see so short,
Thou canst not live, to make of Wales report.

For first behold, how age and thy mishap,
Agreed in one, to tread thee under foote :
Thou wast long since, flong out of Fortunes lap,
When youths gay blowmes, forfooke both braunch and
roote :

And left weake age, as bare as barraine stocke,
That neither fruite, nor leaves will growe upon :
Can feeble bones, abide the sturdie shocke
Of fortunes force, when youthfull strength is gon :
And if good chaunce, in youth hath fled from thee,
Be sure in age, thou canst not happie bee.

Tis hap that must, maintaine thy cost and charge,
By some such meane, as great good turnes are gote :
Els walke or ride, abroad the worlde at large,
And yet great mynd, but makes old age to dote.
Thy travaile past, shewes what may after fall,
Long journeys breedes, disease and sicknesse oft :
Thou hast not health, nor wished wealth at call,
That glads the heart, and makes men looke aloft.
No forer snib, nor nothing nips so neere,
As feele much want, yet shewe a merrie cheere.

My newfound friend, no sooner this had sayd,
(Which tryall knowes, both true and words of weight)
But that my mynd, from travaile long was stayd,
Save that I tooke, in hand a journey streight,

To

To Breakenoke towne, whose feate once throughly
pend,

(With some such notes, as season serves therefore)
Where all the rest, of toyle should make an end,
Sith aged limmes, might travaile Wales no more.
Right forie sure, I can no further go,
Content perforce, sith hap will have it so.

Some men begin, to build a goodly feate,
And frames a worke, of timber bigge and large :
Yet long before, the workmanship be greate,
Another comes, and takes that plot in charge.
Men may not doe, no more then God permits,
The mynd it thinkes, great things to bring to passe :
But common course, so soone orecomes the wits,
In peeces lyes, mans state like broken glasse.
We purpose much, but little power we finde,
With good successe, to answer mightie minde.

Well, that discourse, let goe as matter past,
To Breakenoke now, my pen and muse are prest :
And sith that foyle, and towne shall be the last,
That here I meane, to touch of all the rest,
In briefest fort, it shall be written out :
Yet with such words, as carries credit still,
As other works, in world can breede no dout :
So this small peece, shall shewe my great good will,
That for farewell, to worthie Wales I make,
That followes here, before my leave I take.

•=====•

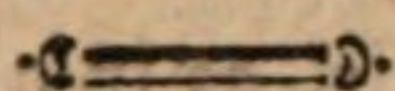
O HAPPIE princely foyle, my pen is farre to bace,
My muse but serves in sted of foyle, to give a jewell grace ;

My bare invention cold, and barraine verses vaine,
 When they thy glory should unfold, they do thy cuntry staine.
 Thy worth some worthie may, set out in golden lines,
 And blaze the fame, with colors gay, whose glistring beautie shines.
 My boldnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
 With wasted wits the braines to beat, to write on such a land :
 Whose people may compare, in high'st degree of praise,
 With any now alive, that are, or were in elders daies.
 Thy townes and castles fayre, so bravely stand in deede,
 They should their honour much apayre, if they my verses neede.
 A writers rurall rime, doth hinder thy good name :
 For verse but entertaines the tyme, with toyes that fancies frame,
 With Tullies sugred tongue, or Virgils sharpe engine,
 Thy rare renowne should still be rong, or sung in verse devine.
 A simple poets pen, but blots white paper still,
 And blurres the brute and praise of men, for want of cunningquill,
 If Ovids skill I had, or could like Homer write,
 Or Dant would make my muses glad, to please the worlds delite.
 Or Chawser lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
 As Petrarke did his Lawra praise, so would I speak of Wales,
 But all to late I crave, for knowledge wit and sence :
 For looke what gifts the Gods then gave, they tooke them al from
 hence,
 And left us nought but bookes, to stare and pore upon,
 On which perchaunce blind bayard lookes, when skill and sight is
 gon.

Our former age did floe, with grace and learned lore,
 Then farre behind they come I troe, that strive to run before.
 We must goe lagging on, as legges and limmes were lame,
 And though long since the gole was gon, and with hath won the game,
 We shall have rume to play, and tyme and place withall,
 To looke, to reade, to write and say, what shall in fancie fall.
 But woe is me the while, that overweenes in want,
 When world may at my boldnes smile, to see my skill so scant.

Yet

Yet write in countries praise, that I cannot set out,
And stands discourag'd many waies, to travaile Wales about.
Yet take now well in worth, the works I have begun,
I can no further thing set foorth, my daies are almost dun :
As candle cleere doth burne, to socket in small tyme,
So age to earth must needes returne, when youth hath past his
pryme.



Now Breakenoke Shiere, as falleth to thy lot,
In place a peere, thou art not fure forgot :
Nor written of so much as I desire :
For sicknesse long, made bodie soone retyre
Unto the towne where it was borne and bred,
And where perhaps, on turffe must lye my hed.
When labors all, shall reape a grave for rest,
And silent death, shall quiet troubled brest :
Then as I now, have somewhat sayd on thee,
So shall some friend, haue tyme to write on mee.
Whose restlessse muse and wearie waking minde,
To pleasure world, did oft great leasure finde :
And who rejoyst, and tooke a great delight,
For knowledge sake, to studie reade and write.

THE WORTHINES

The Towne and Church of Breakenoke.

Maister Gam
dwelles here.

Doctor Awberie
hath a house
here.

THE towne is built, as in a pit it were,
By water side, all lapt about with hill :
You may behold a ruinous castle there,
Somewhat defaste, the walles yet standeth still.
Small narrowe streates, through all the towne ye have,
Yet in the same, are sondrie houses brave :
Well built without, yea trim and fayre within,
With sweete prospect, that shall your favour win.

The river Oske, and Hondie runnes thereby,
Fower bridges good, of stone stands ore each streame :
The greatest bridge, doth to the colledge lye,
A free house once, where many a rotten beame
Hath bene of late, through age and trackt of tyme :
Which bishop now, refourmes with stone and lyme.
Had it not bene, with charge repayrd in haste,
That house and seate, had surely gon to waste.

Two churches doth, belong unto this towne,
One stands on hill, where once a priorie was :
Which chaung'd the name, when abbyes were put
downe,
But now the same, for parrish church doth passe.
Another place, for morning prayer is,
Made long agoe, that standeth hard by this.

Built

Built in this church, a tombe or two I find,
That worthie is, in brieft to bring to minde.

Three couple lyes, one ore the others head,
Along in tombe, and all one race and lyne :
And to be plaine, two couple lyeth dead,
The third likewise, as destiny shall affyne,
Shall lye on top, right ore the other twaine :
Their pictures now, all readie there remaine,
In signe when God appoynts the terme and date,
All flesh and blood must yeeld to mortall fate.

The auncient
house of Gams,

These are in deede, the auncient race of Gams,
A house and blood, that long rich armes doth give :
And now in Wales, are many of their names,
That keepes great trayne, and doth full bravely live.
The eldest sonne, and chieftest of that race,
Doth beare in armes, a ramping lyon crownd,
And three speare heads, and three red cocks in place.
A dragons head, all greene therein is found :
And in his mouth, a red and bloodie hand,
All this and more, upon the tombe doth stand.

Three fayre boyes heads, and every one of those
A serpent hath close lapt about his necke :
A great white bucke, and as you may suppose,
Right ore the same, (which doth it trimly decke)
A crowne there is, that makes a goodly shoe,
A lyon blacke, and three bulles heads I troe :
Three flowerdeluce, all fresh and white they were,
Two swords, two crownes, with fayre long crosse is
there.

The armes of
the Gams.

Three

THE WORTHINES

Three bats, whose wings were spread all at large,
 And three white barres were in these armes likewise :
 Let harrolds now, to whom belongs that charge,
 Describe these things, for me this may suffice.

Yet further now, I forced am to goe,
 Of severall men, some other armes to shew.
 Within that church, there lyes beneath the quere,
 These persons two, whose names now shall ye heare.

The armes of
 one Waters.

In tombe of stone, full fayre and finely wrought,
 One Waters lyes, with wife fast by his side :
 Of some great stocke, these couple may be thought,
 As by their armes, on tombe may well be tride.
 Full at his feete, a goodly greyhound lyes,
 And at his head there is before your eyes
 Three libbarts heads, three cups, two eagles splayd,
 A fayre red crosse : and further to be sayd.

His name was
 Reynold De-
 breos.

A lyon blacke, a serpent fircely made,
 With tayle wound up : these armes thus endeth so.
 Crosse legg'd by him, as was the auncient trade,
 Debreos lyes, in picture as I troe,
 Of most hard wood : which wood as divers say
 No worme can eat, nor tyme can wear away :
 A couching hound, as harrolds thought full meete,
 In wood likewise, lyes underneath his feete:

Just by the same, Meredith Thomas lyes,
 Who had great grace, great wit and worship both,
 And world him thought, both happie blest and wise,
 A man that lov'd, good justice faith and troth.

Right

Right ore this tombe, of stone, to his great fame,
 Good store in deede of Latin verses are,
 And every verse, set foorth in such good frame,
 That truely doth his life and death declare.
 This man was likt, for many graces good
 That he posselt, besides his birth and blood,

L

Some-

Somewhat of some Rivers and Waters.

Glasseberies
bridge is within
two myle of
Portthamwell.

Maister Robert
Knowles that
maried one of
the heirs of the
Vaughhans hath
a fayre house
and a parke at
Portthamwell.

OF other things, as farre as knowledge goes,
Now must I write, to furnish foorth this booke :

Some shieres doe part at Waters, tryall shoves
There, who so list upon the same to looke.

Dulace doth runne, along unto the Hay,

So Hartford shiere, from Breakenoke parteth there,

Breenick Deelyes, Thlanenny as they say

At Tawllgath meetes, so into Wye they beare :

From Arthurs hill, Tytarell runnes apace,

And into Ofke and Breakenoke runnes his race,

Nere Breaknoke towne, there is a mountaine hye,

Which shewes so huge, it is full hard to clime :

The mountaine seemes so monstrous to the eye,

Yet thousands doe repayre to that sometime.

And they that stand, right on the top shal see

A wonder great, as people doe report :

Which common brute, and saying true may bee,

But since in deede, I did not there resort,

I write no more, then world will witnesse well :

Let them that please, of those straunge wonders tell,

What is set downe, I have it surely seene,

As one that toyld and travayld for the troth :

I will not say, such things are as I weene,

And frame a verse, as common voyces goeth.

Nor

Nor yet to please the humors of some men,
I list not stretch, nor racke my termes awry :
My muse will not so farre abuse the pen,
That writer shall gayne any blot thereby :
So he have thanke in using ydle quill,
He seekes no more for paines and great good will.

Ludloe Towne, Church and Castle.

The names of
streates there.
Castle streate.
Broad streate.
Old streate. And
the Mill streate.

A fayre house by
the gate of the
making of Ju-
stice Walter.

Next this is a
fayre house of
Maister Sack-
fords which he
did buyld, and a
fayre house that
Maister Secreta-
rie Foxe did be-
stowe great
charges on, and
a house that
Maister Berrie
dwelles in.
M. Townes-end
hath a fayre
house at Saint
Austins once a
frierie.
The Lord Prefi-
dent Sir Harrie
Sidneys daugh-
ter, called Am-
brofia, is en-
tombed here in
most bravest ma-

THE towne doth stand most part upon an hill,
Built well and fayre, with streates both large
and wide :

The houses such, where straungers lodge at will.
As long as there the councell list's abide,
Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout,
With condits cleere, and wholesome water springs :
And who that list's to walke the towne about,
Shall finde therein some rare and pleasant things :
But chiefly there the ayre so sweete you have,
As in no place ye can no better crave.

The market house, where corne and cates are sold,
Is covered ore, and kept in finest fort :
From which ye shall, the castle well behold,
And to which walke, doe many men resort.
On every side thereof fayre houses are,
That makes a shewe, to please both mynd and eye :
The church nere that, where monuments full rare
There is, (wherein doth fondrie people lye)
My pen shall touch, because the notes I finde
Therein, deserve to be well borne in minde.

Within the quere, there is a ladie layd
In tombe most rich, the top of fayre touchstone :
There was bestow'd in honour of this mayd,
Great cost and charge, the trueth may well be knowne.

For

For as the tombe, is built in sumptuous guise,
 So to the same, a closet fayre is wrought,
 Where lords may sit in stately solemne wise,
 As though it were a fine device of thought,
 To beautifie both tombe and every part
 Of that fayre worke, that there is made by arte.

Against that tombe, full on the other side,
 A knight doth lye, that Justice Townesend hight :
 His wife likewise, so soone as that she dyed,
 In this rich tombe, was buried by this knight :
 And trueth to tell, Dame Alice was her name,
 An heire in deede, that brought both wealth and land,
 And as world sayth, a worthie vertuous dame,
 Whose auncient armes, in colours there doth stand :
 And many more, whose armes I doe not knowe,
 Unto this knight, are joyned all a roe.

Amid the church, a chantrie chappell stands,
 Where Hozier lyes, a man that did much good :
 Bestow'd great wealth, and gave thereto some lands,
 And helpt poore foules that in necessitie stood.
 As many men, are bent to win good will
 By some good turne, that they may freely shoue :
 So Hoziers hands, and head were working still :
 For those he did, in det or daunger knowe.
 He smyld to see, a begger at his doore :
 For all his joye, was to releeve the poore.

Another man, whose name was Cookes for troth,
 Like Hozier was, in all good gifts of grace.

ner and great
 chargeable
 workmanship on
 the right hand
 of the aulter.
 On the same is
 my Lord of War-
 wicks armes ex-
 celently wrought
 and my Lord
 Presidents armes
 and others, are
 in like sort there
 richly set out.
 Sir Robert
 Townes-end
 knight lyes in a
 marvelous fayre
 tombe in the
 queere here, and
 his wife by him,
 at his feete is a
 red rowbuck,
 and a word *tout
 en dieu.*

On the left hand
 Hozier lyes in
 the bodie of the
 church.

On the right
 hand Cookes
 lyes.

This

This man was
my mothers fa-
ther.

This Cookes did give, great lands and livings both;
For to maintaine, a chauntrie in that place.

A yeerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the poore doe mis :
His wife and he, within that chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the chauntrie standing is :
Some other things of note there may you see
Within that church, not touched now by mee.

Beawpy was a
great ritch and
verteous man,
he made another
chantrie.

Yet Beawpy must, be nam'd good reason why,
For he bestow'd, great charge before he dyde,
To helpe poore men, and now his bones doth lye
Full nere the font, upon the foremost side.

Thus in those daies, the poore was lookt unto,
The rich was glad, to fling their wealth away :
So that their almes, the poore some good might do.
In poore mens boxe, who doth his treasure lay,
Shall finde againe, ten fold for one he leaves :
Or els my hope, and knowledge me deceives.

The Castle of Ludloe,

THE castle now, I mynd here to set out,
 It stands right well, and pleasant to the vewe,
 With sweete prospect, yea all the field about.
 An auncient seate, yet many buildings newe
 Lord president made, to give it greater fame :
 But if I must, discourse of things as true,
 There are great works, that now doth beare no name,
 Which were of old, and yet may pleasure you
 To see the same : for loe in elders daies
 Was much bestow'd, that now is much to praise.

Sir Harry Sidney built many things here wor-thie praise and memorie.

Prince Arthurs armes, is there well wrought in stone,
 (A worthie worke, that fewe or none may mend)
 This worke not such, that it may passe alone :
 For as the tyme, did alwaies people send
 To world, that might exceede in wit and spreete :
 So sondrie forts of works are in that seate,
 That for so hye a stately place is meete :
 Which shewes this day, the workmanship is greate.
 Looke on my lords, and speak your fancies throw,
 And you will praise, fayre Ludloe castle now.

Over a chimney excellently wrought in the best chamber, is S. Androwes Crosse joyned to Prince Arthurs armes in the hall windowe.

In it besides, (the works are here unnam'd)
 A chappell is, most trim and costly sure,
 So bravely wrought, so fayre and finely fram'd,
 That to worlds end, the beautie may endure.

About

About the same, are armes in colours fitch,
 As fewe can shewe, in any soyle or place :
 A great device, a worke most rare and ritch :
 Which truely shewes, the armes, the blood and race
 Of fondrie kings, but chiefly noble men,
 That here in prose, I will set out with pen.

All that followes
 are armes of
 princes and no-
 blemen,

Sir Walter Lacie was first owner of Ludloe castle,
 whose armes are there, and so followes the rest by or-
 der as you may reade.

Jeffrey Genyuile, did match with Lacie.

Roger Mortymer the first earle of Martchy an earle
 of a great house matcht with Genyuile.

Leonell Duke of Clarence joyned with Ulster in
 armes.

Edmond Earl of Marchy matched with Clarence.

Richard Earle of Cambridge matcht with the Earle
 of Marchy.

Richard Duke of Yorke matcht with Westmer-
 land.

Edward the fourth matcht with Wodvile of Rivers.

Henry the seventh matcht with Elizabeth right
 heire of England.

Henry the eight matcht with the Marquesse of Pen-
 broke.

These are the greatest first to be named that are
 set out worthely as they were of dignitie and birth.

*Now followes the rest of those that were Lord Presidents,
 and others whose armes are in the same chappell.*

William Smith Bishop of Lincolne was the first
 Lord Prefident of Wales in Prince Arthurs daies.

Jeffrey

Jeffrey Blythe Bishoppe of Coventrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Rowland Lee Bishoppe of Coventrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Jhon Vessie Bishop of Exeter Lord President.

Richard Sampson Bishop of Coventrie and Litchfield Lord President.

John Dudley Earle of Warwick (after Duke of Northumberland) Lord President.

Sir William Harbert (after Earle of Penbroke) Lord President.

Nicholas Heath Bishop of Worcester Lord President.

Sir William Harbert once againe Lord President.

Gilbert Browne Bishop of Bathe and Welles Lord President.

Lord Williams of Tame Lord President.

Sir Harry Sidney Lord President.

Sir Andrew Corbret knight, Vicepresident.

There are two blankes left without armes.

Sir Thomas Dynam Knight, is mentioned there to doe some great good act.

John Scory Bishop of Hartford.

Nicholas Bullingham, bishop of Worcester.

Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangore.

Richard Davies, Bishop of Saint Davies.

Thomas Davies, Bishop of Saint Asaph.

Sir James Crofts knight, controller.

Sir John Throgmorton knight, Justice of Chester and the three shieres of Eastwales.

Sir Hugh Cholmley knight.

Sir Nicholas Arnold knight.

Sir George Bromley knight, and Justice of the three shieres in Wales.

William Gerrard, Lord Chauncellor of Ireland, and Justice of the three shieres in Southwales.

Charles Foxe esquier and secretorie.

Ellice Price Doctor of the Lawe.

Edward Leighton esquier.

Richard Seborne esquier.

Richard Pates esquier.

Rafe Barton esquier.

George Phetyplace esquier.

William Leighton esquier.

Myles Sands esquier.

The armes of al these afore spoken of are gallantly and cunningly set out in the chappell.

Now is to be rehearsed, that Sir Harry Sidney being Lord President buylt twelve rouses in the sayd castle, which goodly buildings doth shewe a great beautie to the fame.

He made also a goodly wardrope underneath the new parlor, and repayred an old tower, called Mortymers tower, to keepe the auncient records in the same: and he repayred a fayre rouse under the court house, to the same entent and purpose, and made a great wall about the woodyard, and built a most brave condit within the inner court: and all the newe buildings over the gate Sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and government there) made and set out to the honour of the queene and glorie of the castle.

There

The great water called Tean, comes seventeen mile from a place called the Whitehall neere unto Begydlie in the county of Radnor.

The forest of Brenwood is west from the towne.

The chace of Mocktrie and Ockley Parkes stands not farre from thence.

There are in a goodly or stately place set out my Lord Earl of Warwicks armes, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Worcester, the Earle of Penbroke and Sir Harry Sidneys armes in like maner : al these stand on the left hand of the chamber. On the other side are the armes of Northwales and Southwales, two red lyons and two golden lyons, Prince Arthurs.

At the end of the dyning chamber, there is a pretty device how the hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to Ludloe. A device of the Lord Presidents.

There is in the hall a great grate of iron of a huge height : so much is written only of the castle.

*The Towne of Ludloe, and many good Gifts graunted
to the same.*

He gave great
possessions, large
liberties, and did
incorporate
them with
many goodly
freedomes.

That towne
hath bin well
governed a long
while with two
baylies twelve
aldermen, and
five and thirtie
commoners, a
recorder and a
town clarke as-
sistant to the
sayd Baylies
by judiciall
course of lawe
weekly, in as
large and ample
maner for their
triall betweene
partie and par-
tie, as any cittie
or borrowe of
England hath.

KING Edward fourth, for service truely done,
When Henry fixt, and he had mortall warre :
No sooner he, by force the victorie wone,
But with great things, the towne he did prefarre.
Gave lands thereto, and libertie full large,
Which royall gifts, his bountie did declare,
And dayly doth mainteyne the townes great charge :
Whose people now, in as great freedom are,
As any men, under this rule and crowne,
That lives and dwels, in citie or in towne.

Two baylies rules, one yeere the towne throughout,
Twelve aldermen they have therein likewise :
Who doth beare sway, as turne doth come about,
Who chosen are, by oth and auncient guise.
Good laws they have, and open place to pleade,
In ample sort, for right and justice sake :
A preacher too, that dayly there doth reade,
A schoolemaster, that doth good schollers make.
And for the queere, are boyes brought up to sing,
And to serve God, and doe none other thing.

Three tymes a day, in church good service is,
At fixe o'clocke, at nine, and then at three :

In which due howers, a straunger shall not mis,
 But fondrie forts, of people there to see.
 And thirtie three, poore persons they maintaine,
 Who weekly have, both money, almes and ayde :
 Their lodging free, and further to be plaine,
 Still once a weeke, the poore are truely payde :
 Which shewes great grace, and goodnesse in that seate,
 Where rich doth see, the poore shall want no meate.

The poore have
 sweete lodgings
 each one a part
 to himselfe.

An hospitall, there hath bene long of old,
 And many things, pertayning to the fame :
 A goodly Guyld, the township did uphold,
 By Edwards gift, a king of worthie fame.
 This towne doth choose, two burgessees alwaies
 For parliament, the custome still is so :
 Two fayres a yeere, they have on feverall daies,
 Three markets kept, but Monday chiefe I troe :
 And two great parkes, there are full neere the towne,
 But those of right, pertaine unto the crowne.

An hospitall
 called S. Jones.

A Guyld that
 King Edward
 (by letters pat-
 tents) gave to
 the bayliefs and
 burgessees of the
 towne.
 The aldermen
 are justices of
 the peace for the
 time being.

These things rehearst, makes Ludloe honord mitch,
 And world to thinke, it is an auncient seate :
 Where many men, both worthie wise and ritch
 Were borne and bred, and came to credit great.
 Our auncient kings, and princes there did rest,
 Where now full oft, the presdent dwels a space :
 It stands for Wales, most apt, most fit and best,
 And neereft to, at hand of any place :
 Wherefore I thought, it good before I end,
 Within this booke, this matter should be pend.

The rest of townes, that in Shropshire you have,
I neede not touch, they are so throughly knowne :
And further more, I knowe they cannot crave
To be of Wales, how ever brute be blowne.
So wishing well, as duetie doth me binde,
To one and all, as farre as power may goe,
I knit up here, as one that doth not minde
Of native foyle, no further now to shoue.
So cease my muse, let pen and paper pause,
Till thou art calde, to write of other cause.

An Introduction to remember Shropshire.

HOW hath thy muse so long bene luld a sleepe?
 What deadly drinke, hath fence in slumber
 brought?

Doth poyson cold, through blood and bosome creepe?
 Or is of spite, some charme by witchcraft wrought,
 That vitall spreetes, hath lost their feeling quite?
 Or is the hand, so weake it cannot write?
 Come ydle man, and shewe some honest cause,
 Why writers pen makes now so great a pause.

A device of the
 author called
 reasons threaten-
 ing.

Can Wales be nam'de, and Shopshire be forgote,
 The marshes must, make muster with the rest:
 Shall Sallop say, their countreyman doth dote,
 To treat of things, and write what thinks him best.
 No sure such fault, were double error plaine,
 If in thy pen be any poets vayne,
 Or gifts of grace, from skies did drop on thee,
 Than Shrewseburie towne, thereof first cause must bee.

Both borne and bred, in that same seate thou wast,
 (Of race right good, or els records do lye)
 From whence to schoole, where ever Churchyard past,
 To native foyle, he ought to have an eye,
 Speake well of all, and write what world may prove,
 Let nothing goe, beyond thy countries love:

The author
 borne in
 Shrewseburie.

Wales

Shrewseburie
the marshes of
Wales.

Wales once it was, and yet to mend thy tale,
Make Wales the parke, and plaine Shropshire the
pale.

Reasons threat-
ning is done.

If pale be not, a speciall peece of parke,
Sit silent now, and neither write nor speake :
But leave out pale, and thou mayst misse the marke,
Thy muse would hit, or els thy shaft may breake
Against a stone, thou thinkst to glance upon.
Now weigh these words, my chorlish check is gon,
More gentle speech, hereafter may I spend,
When that in verse, I see thy countrie pend.

The privie
blowes that rea-
son gives.

When reasons threat, had rapt me on the pate,
(With privie blowes, that never drawes no blood)
To studie streight, with pen and ynke I gate,
And sadly there, bethought me what was good.
But ere the locke, and doore was bolted fast,
Ten thousand toyes, in head through fancie past,
And twentie more, conceyts came rouling on,
That were too long, to talke and treat upon.

For feare of
shame slouthfull
men are well oc-
cupied.

Wherefore in brieft, I settled pen to worke,
For feare least world, found fault with slouthfull muse :
And calling up, the spreetes that close did lurke
In cloke of ease, that would good wits abuse.
I held on way, to auncient Shrewseburie towne,
And so from horse, at lodging lighting downe,
I walkt the streates, and markt what came to vewe,
Found old things dead, as world were made a newe.

For

For buildings gay, and gallant finely wrought,
 Had old device, through time supplanted cleane :
 Some houses bare, that seem'd to be worth nought,
 Were fat within, that outward looked leane :
 Wit had won wealth, to stufte each emptie place,
 The cunning head, and labouring hand had grace
 To gayne and keepe, and lay up still in store,
 As man might say, the heart could wish no more.

Newe buildings
 makes old device
 blufh.

A number fure, were ritch become of late,
 By worldly meanes, by hap or wisedomes arte :
 He had no praise, that did apayre his state,
 And he most lawde, that playd the wifest parte.
 To come by goods, well won with honest trade,
 And warely looke, there were no havock made :
 Such thriftie men, doe dwell in Shrewseburie now,
 That all the towne is full of marchants throw.

Labour reapes
 reward.

And fondrie borne, of right good race and blood,
 Who freely lives, from bondage every way :
 Whose rent and lands, whose wealth and worldly good,
 (When other works, gives them free leave to play)
 Most part are ritch, or els right well to live,
 And to the poore, the godly people give :
 To preaching still, repayres both young and old,
 Makes more thereof, then of ritch pearle or gold.

Many well borne
 and rich in
 Shrewseburie.
 Divers almes
 houses in
 Shrewseburie,
 and hath bin
 there mainteyn-
 ed in old time.

Now come to poynts, and rules of ciuill men,
 Good maner calde, that shewes good nature still :
 And so with Wales, ye may compare them then,
 The meanest sort, I meane of flendrest skill.

Shrewseburie
 and Wales are
 like in courtesie.

Fayre wordes and reverence is a common thing there. For as some whelpes, that are of gentle kinde,
Exceedes curre dogges, that beares a doggish minde :
So these meeke folke, that meetes you in the streete,
Will curchie make, or shewes an humble spreete.

Good nature and good maners shewes good mynds. This argues sure, they have in Wales bin bred,
Or well brought up, and taught where now they dwell :
If haughtie heart, be spyde by loftie hed,
And curteous folkes, by lookes are knowne full well :
Me thinkes the myld, wins all good will away,
Stout behaviour is rather abhorred then embraced. The sturdie stands, like stagge or bucke at bay :
The tame white dove, and faulkon for delytes,
Are better farre, than fifteene hundred kytes.

Many of Wales wealthie men in Shrewseburie. My theame is Wales, and to that theame I goe,
Perhaps some feede, of that same soyle is here :
Sowne in such fort, that dayly it doth growe
In fayrest fourme, to furnish forth this shiere.
Admit the same, the sequell graunts it well,
Passe that discourse, and give me leave to tell
How Shrewseburie stands, and of the castles seate,
The river large, and stonie bridge so greate.

A deepe device the foundation of Shrewseburie. The towne three parts, stands in a valley loe,
Three gates there are, through which you needes must
passe,

As to the height, of towne the people goe :

The castle built in such a brave plot, that it could have espyed a byrd flying in every streete. So castle seemes, as twere a looking glasse,
To looke through all, and hold them all in awe,
Treangle wise, the gates and towne doth drawe :
But castle hill, spyes out each streete so plaine,
As though an eye, on them did still remaine.

In midst of towne, fower parish churches are,
 Full nere and close, together note that right :
 The vewe farre of, is wondrous straunge and rare,
 For they doe seeme, a true love knot to fight :
 They stand on hill, as nature wrought a seate,
 To place them fower, in stately beautie greate :
 As men devout, to buyld these works tooke care,
 So in these daies, these temples famous are.

A matter to be
 marked.

A knight lyes
 crosselegged in
 S. Maries, his
 name is Ley-
 borne.

First for the cause, whereon they so were made,
 Then for their fourme, and fashion framed fine :
 Next for the cost, the stones and auncient trade,
 And chiefe of all, for mans intent devine.
 Their placing thus, the plots whereon they stand,
 The workmanship, with cunning masons hand :
 Their height and breadth, the length and thicknesse
 both,
 Argues in deede, a wondrous worke of troth.

Of the fame of
 churches.

Not farre from them, doth goodly Sevarne run,
 An arme of sea, a water large and deepe :
 Whose headstrong streame, the fisher can not shun,
 Except by banke, both bote and he doth creepe.
 This river runs, to many a noble towne,
 As Wyster one, and Bristowe of renowne :
 With moe besides, which here I neede not name,
 The card can shewe, both them and all their fame.

Of the river of
 Sevarne.

About the walles, trim under goodly banks
 Doth Sevarne passe, and comes by Cotten hill :
 Much praise they had, and purchast many thanks,
 That at Stonebridge, made place for many a mill.

A notable river,
 called Sevarn,
 running under
 two faire bridges
 of stone.

About the towne, this water may be brought,
 If that a way, were nere the castle wrought :
 So castle should, stand like a peereles mount,
 And Shrewsebie towne, be had in great account.

There is a bridge
 called Welsh-
 bridge, which
 shewes Shrewse-
 burie to be of
 Wales.

Full from Welshbridge, along by meddowes greene,
 The river runs, most fayre and fine to vewe :
 Such fruitfull ground, as this is feldome seene
 In many parts, if that I heare be true.
 Yet each man knowes, that grasse is in his pride,
 And ayre is fresh, by every rivers side :
 But sure this plot, doth farre surpasse the rest,
 That by good lot, is not with graces blest.

The castle
 though old and
 ruynate stands
 most brave and
 gallantly.

Who hath desire, to vewe both hill and vale,
 Walke up old wall, of castle rude and bare,
 And he shall see, such pleasure set to sale,
 In kindly sort, as though some marchants ware
 Where set in shop, to please the passer by :
 Or els by shewe, beguyld the gazers eye :
 For looke but downe, along the pleasant coast,
 And he shall thinke, his labour is not lost.

Maister Prince
 his house stands
 so trim and fine-
 ly, that it graceth
 all the soyle it is
 in.

One way appeares, Stonebridge and Subbarbs there,
 Which called is, the Abbey Forehed yet :
 A long great streate, well builded large and faire,
 In as good ayre, as may be wisht with wit :
 Where abbey stands, and is such ring of belles,
 As is not found, from London unto Welles :
 The steeple yet, a gracious pardon findes,
 To bide all blasts, all wethers stormes and windes.

Another

Another way, full ore Welshbridge there is,
An auncient streate, cal'd Franckwell many a day :
To Ozeftri, the people passe through this,
And unto Wales, it is the reddie way.
In Subbarbs to, is castle Forehed both,
A streate well pav'd, two severall waies that goeth :
All this without, and all the towne within,
When castle stood, to vewe hath subject bin.

Here is the way
to Meluerly, to
Wattels Borrow
where Maister
Leighton
dwelles, to
Cawx Castle
Lord Staffords,
and to Maister
Williams house

But now doth hold, their freedome of the prince,
And as is found, in records true unfaynd,
This trim shiere towne, was buylt a great while since :
Whose priviledge, by loyaltie was gaynd.
Two bayliefes there, doth rule as course doth fall,
In state like maior, and orders good withall :
Each officer due, that fits for stately place,
Each yeere they have, to yeeld the rounge more grace.

Aldermen in
scarlet orderly
in Shrewseburie
and two bayliefes
as richly set out
as any mayor of
some great cities

On follemne daies, in scarlet gownes they goe,
Good house they keepe, as cause doth serve therefore :
But Christmas feasts, compares with all I knowe
Save London sure, whose state is farre much more.
That cities charge, makes straungers blush to see,
So princely still, it is in each degree :
But though it beare, a torch beyond the best,
This lanterne light, may shine among the rest.

Great and costly
banqueting in
christmas and at
all sessions and
sises.

This towne with more, fit members for the head,
Makes London ritch, yet reapes great gayne from
thence :

A matter of traf-
ficke to be noted
and considered of

It gives good gold, for clothes and markes of lead,
And for Welsh ware, exchaungeth English pence.

A foun.

London com-
pared to the
flowing sea.

A fountaine head, that many condits serve,
Keepes moyſt drye ſprings, and doth it ſelfe preſerve :
The flowing ſea, to which all rivers run,
May ſpare ſome ſhewres, to quench the heate of ſun.

The great muſt
maintaine the
ſmall.

So London muſt, like mother to the realme,
To all her babes, give milke, give ſucke and pap :
Small brookes ſwelles up, by force of mightie ſtreame,
As little things, from greateſt gaynes good hap.
If Shrewſebrie thrive, and laſt in this good lucke,
It is not like, to lacke of worldly mucke :
The trade is great, the towne and ſeate ſtands well,
Great health they have, in ſuch ſweete ſoyles that
dwell.

Ludloe is ſet out
after.

Thus farre I goe, to prove this Wales in deede,
Or els at leaſt, the marches of the ſame :
But further ſpeake, of ſhiere it is no neede,
Save Ludloe now, a towne of noble fame :
A goodly ſeate, where oft the counsell lyes,
Where monuments, are found in auncient guyſe :
Where kings and queenes, in pompe did long abyde,
And where God pleaſde, that good Prince Arthur
dyde.

Ozeſtrie and Bi-
ſhops caſtle doth
front in Wales.

This towne doth front, on Wales as right as lyne,
So fondrie townes, in Shropſhiere doe for troth :
As Ozeſtry, a pretie towne full fine,
Which may be lov'd, be likte and prayſed both.
It ſtands ſo trim, and is maintaynd ſo cleane,
And peeped is, with folke that well doe meane :

That

That it deserves, to be enrould and shrynd
In each good breast, and every manly mynd.

The market there, so farre exceeds withall,
As no one towne, comes neere it in some fort :
For looke what may, be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.

For poultrie, foule, of every kind somewhat,
No place can shewe, so much more cheape then that :
All kind of cates, that countrie can afford,
For money there, is bought with one bare word.

Of a notable
market a mar-
velous matter.

They hacke not long about the thing they sell,
For price is knowne, of each thing that is brought :
Poore folke God wot, in towne no longer dwell,
Then money had, perhaps a thing of nought :
So trudge they home, both barelegge and unshod,
With song in Welsh, or els in praying God :
O sweete content, O merrie mynd and mood,
With sweat of browes, thou lov'st to get thy food.

Poore folkes
makes fewe
words in bar-
gayning.

O plaine good folke, that have no craftie braines,
O conscience cleere, thou knowst no cunning knacks :
O harmlesse hearts, where feare of God remaines,
O simple foules, as sweete as virgin waxe.
O happie heads, and labouring bodies blest,
O fillie doves, of holy Abrahams brest :
You sleepe in peace, and rise in joye and blisse,
For heaven hence, for you prepared is,

The blessednesse
of plaine people.

Where

A rare report
yet truly given
of Wales.

Where shall we finde, such dealing now adaies?
Where is such cheere, so cheape and chaunge of fare?
Ride north and south, and search all beaten waies,
From Barwick bounds, to Venice if ycu dare,
And finde the like, that I in Wales have found,
And I shall be, your slave and bondmen bound.
If Wales be thus, as tryall well shall prove,
Take Wales goodwill, and give them neighbours love.

You must reade
further before
you finde Lud-
loe described.

To Ludloe now, my muse must needes returne,
A season short, no long discourse doth crave :
Tyme rouleth on, I doe but daylight burne,
And many things, indeede to doe I have.
Looke what great towne, doth front on Wales this
hower,
I minde to touch, God sparing life and power :
Not hyerd thereto, but hal'de by harts desire.
To give them praise, whose deedes doe fame require.

Verte Folium.

Of Shrewsebury Churches and the Monuments The author forgetfulnesse excused,
therein, with a Bridge of Stone two Bowshot
long, and a Streete called Colam, being in the
Subbarbs, and a fayre Bridge there in like maner :
all this was forgotten in the first Copie.

I Had such haste, in hope to be but brieve,
 That monuments, in churches were forgot :
 And somewhat more, behind the walles as chiefe,
 Where playes have bin, which is most worthie note.
 There is a ground, newe made theator wise,
 Both deepe and hye, in goodly auncient guise :
 Where well may sit, ten thousand men at ease,
 And yet the one, the other not displease.

A pleasant and
 artificiall peece
 of ground.

A space belowe, to bayt both bull and beare,
 For players too, great rounge and place at will.
 And in the same, a cocke pit wondrous feare,
 Besides where men, may wraastle in their fill.
 A ground most apt, and they that sits above,
 At once in vewe, all this may see for love :
 At Aftons play, who had beheld this then,
 Might well have seene, there twentie thousand men.

Maister Afton
 was a good and
 godly preacher.

Fayre Sevarne streame, runs round about this ground,
 Save that one side, is closde with Shrewseburie wall :
 And Sevarne bankes, whose beautie doth abound,
 In that same soyle, behold at will ye shall.

A friery house
 stood by this
 ground called
 the Welsh Fryers

O

Who

In Shrewfeburie
were three fryer
houses.

Who comes to marke, and note what may be feene,
Shall surely see, great pleasures on this greene :
Who walkes the bankes, and thinkes his payne not
greate,
Shall say the towne, is sure a princely seate.

Without the walles, as Subbarbs buylded bee,
So doe they stand, as armes and legges to towne :
Each one a streete, doth answer in degree,
And by some part, comes Sevarne running downe :
As though that streame, had mynd to garde them all,
And as through bridge, this flood doth dayly fall,
So of freestone, three bridges bigge there are,
All stately built, a thing full straunge and rare.

Then judge by this, and other things a heape,
They had deepe skill, that first the founders were :
Good right they should, the fruite of labour reape,
Whose wit and wealth, did all the charges beare.
O fathers wise, and wits beyond the nicke,
That had the head, the spreetes and sence so quicke :
O golden age, that car'de not what was spent,
So leaden daies, did stand therewith content.

Gold were those yeeres, that sparde such silver pence,
And brazen world, was that which hoorded all :
The leaden daies, that we have faverd since,
Bytes to the bones, and tasteth worse then gall.
What newe things now, with franknesse well begun,
Can staine those deedes, our fathers old have done :
Great

Great townes they buylt, great churches reard like-
wife,

Which makes our fame, to fall and theirs to rise.

Looke on the works, and wits of former age,
And our tyme shall, come dragging farre behind :

If both tymes might, be plainly playd on stage,

And old tyme past, be truely calde to mind,

For all our brave, fine glorious buyldings gay,

Tyme past would run, with all the fame away.

Aske Oxford that, and Cambridge if it please,

In this one poynt, shall you resolve at ease.

In auncient tyme, our elders had desire,

To buyld their townes, on steepe and stately hill :

To shewe that as, their hearts did still aspyre,

So should their works, declare their worthie will.

And for that then, the world was full of strife,

And fewe men stood, assur'd of land or life :

Such quarrels rose, about great rule and state,

That no one soyle, was free from foule debate.

A brieve dis-
course of aun-
cient tyme.

For which sharpe cause, that dayly bred discord,

They made strong holds, and castles of defence :

And such as weare, the kings the prince and lord

Of any place, would spare for no expence,

To see that safe, that they had hardly won :

For which sure poynt, were forts and townes begun :

And further loe, if people waxed wyld,

They brought in feare, by this both man and child.

The occasion of
buylding strong
holds.

Wales hath a
wonderfull
number of
castles.

And if men may, judge who had most ado,
Or gesse by forts, and holds what land was best :
Or look upon, our common quarrels to :
Or search what made, men seeke for peace and rest,
Behold but Wales, and note the castles there,
And you shall finde, no such works any where :
So old so strong, so costly and so hye,
Not under sunne, is to be seene with eye.

And to be plaine, so many holds they have,
As sure it is, a world to marke them well :
Pause there a while, my muse must pardon crave,
Pen may not long, upon such matter dwell.

A description of
Denbighshire.

Now Denbigh comes, to be set foorth in verse,
Which shall both towne, and castle here rehearse :
So that the verse, such credit may attayne,
As writer shall, not lose no peece of payne.

An Introduction to bring in Denbighshiere.

HATH slouth and sleepe, bewicht my senses so, A conceyted toy
to set a broach an
earnest matter.
 That head cannot, awake the ydle hand :
 Is frendly muse, become so great a foe,
 That labring pen, in pennor still shall stand.
 What trifeling toye, doth trouble writers brayne,
 That earnest love, forgets sweete poets vayne :
 Bid welcome mirth, and sad conceytes adue,
 And fall againe, to write some matter newe.

Let old device, a lanterne be to this,
 To give skill light, and make sound judgement see :
 Since gazing eyes, hath seene what each thing is,
 And that no towne, nor soyle is hid from thee :
 Set foorth in verse, as well this countrey here,
 As thou at large, hast set out Monmouthshiere :
 Praise one alone, the rest will thee disdaine,
 A day may come, at length to quite thy paine.

Though former toyles, be lost in sommer last,
 Dispayre not now, for Wales is thankfull still :
 Thou hast gone farre, the greatest brunt is past,
 Then forward passe, and plucke not backe goodwill,
 Put hand to plough, like man goe through with all,
 Thy ground is good, run on thou canst not fall :

Being muster-
 maister of Kent
 more chargeable
 then well con-
 sidered of there.

When

When feede is fowne, and tyme bestowes some paine,
Thou shalt be knowne, a reaper of good graine.

Hold on thy course and travaile Wales all ore,
And whet thy wits, to marke and note it well :
And thou shalt see, thou never saw'st before,
Right goodly things, in deede that doth excell :
More auncient townes, more famous castles old,
Then well farre of, with ease thou mayst behold :
With Denbighshiere, thy second worke begin,
And thou shalt see, what glorie thou shalt win.

Chirke Castle a goodly and princely house yet.
So I tooke horse, and mounted up in haste,
From Monmouthshiere, a long the coasts I ryde :
When frost and snowe, and wayward winters waste,
Did beate from tree, both leaves and sommers pryde.
I entred first, at Chirke, right ore a brooke,
Where staying still, on countrey well to looke.
A castle fayre, appeerde to sight of eye,
Whose walles were great, and towers both large and hye.

Keeryock a wonderful violent water.
Full underneath, the same doth Keeryock run,
A raging brooke, when rayne or snowe is greate :
It was some prince, that first this house begun,
It shewes farre of, to be so brave a seate.

Maister John Edwards hath a fayre house nere this.
On side of hill, it stands most trim to vewe,
An old strong place, a castle nothing newe.
A goodly thing, a princely pallace yet,
If all within, were thoroughly furnisht fit.

Beyond

Beyond the same, there is a bridge of stone,
 That stands on Dee, a river deepe and swift :
 It seemes as it, would rive the rocks alone,
 Or undermyne, with force the craggie clift.
 To Chester runs, this river all along,
 With gushing streame, and roring water strong :
 On both the sides, are bankes and hilles good store,
 And mightie stones, that makes the river rore.

Newe bridge on
 the river Dee.

It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bee,
 And swelles like sea, with waves and foming flood :
 A wonder fure, to see this river Dee,
 With winde alone, to waxe so wyld and wood,
 Make such a sturre, as water would be mad,
 And shewe such life, as though some spreete it had.
 A cause there is, a nature for the same,
 To bring this flood, in such straunge case and frame.

A straunge na-
 ture of a water.

There is a poole
 in Meryoneth-
 shiere of three
 myle long rageth
 so by storme :
 that it makes
 this river flowe.

Not farre from this, there stands on little mount,
 A right fayre church, with pillars large and wide :
 A monument, therein of good account,
 Full finely wrought, amid the queere I spyde,
 A tombe there is, right rich and stately made,
 Where two doth lye, in stone and auncient trade.
 The man and wife, with sumptuous follemne guyse,
 In this ritch fort, before the aulter lyes.

Ruabon church
 is a fayre peece
 of worke.

His head on crest, and warlike helmet stayes,
 A lyon blew, on top thereof comes out :
 On lyons necke, along his legges he layes,
 Two gauntlets white, are lying there about.

This gentleman
 was called John
 Bellis Eytton.

An

An auncient squire, he was and of good race,
 As by his armes, appeeres in many a place :
 His house and lands, not farre from thence doth shoue,
 His birth and blood, was great right long agoe.

The trimmest glasse, that may in windowe bee,
 (Wherein the roote, of Jesse well is wrought)
 At aulter head, of church now shall you see,
 Yea all the glasse, of church was deerely bought.

Offaes Dyke. Within two myles, there is a famous thing,
 Cal'de Offaes Dyke, that reacheth farre in length :
 All kind of ware, the Danes might thether bring,
 It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines strength.

Wats Dyke. Wats Dyke likewise, about the same was set,
 Betweene which two, both Danes and Britaines met,
 And trafficke still, but passing bounds by sleight,
 The one did take, the other prisoner streight.

Thus foes could meete, (as many tymes they may)
 And doe no harme, when profite ment they both :
 Good rule and lawe, makes baddest things to stay,
 That els by rage, to wretched revell goeth.
 The bruteest beasts, that savage are of kynd,
 Together comes, as season is assynde :
 The angryest men, that can no friendship byde,
 Must ceace from warre, when peace appalles their
 pride.

Now

Now let this goe, and call in haste to minde,
 Trim Wrickfam towne, a pearle of Denbighshiere :
 In whose fayre church, a tombe of stone I finde,
 Under a wall, right hand on side of queere.
 On th' other side, one Pilson lyes in grave,
 Whose hearse of blacke, sayth he a tombe shall have :
 In queere lyes Hope, by armes of gentle race,
 Of function once, a rector in that place.

Robert Howell
 lyes there a gen-
 tleman.

But speake of church, and steeple as I ought,
 My pen to base, so fayre a worke to touch :
 Within and out, they are so finely wrought,
 I cannot praise, the workmanship too much.
 But buylt of late, nor eight score yeeres agoe,
 Not of long tyme, the date thereof doth shoe :
 No common worke, but sure a worke most fine,
 As though they had, bin wrought by power devine.

The steeple there, in forme is full foure square,
 Yet every way, five pinnackles appeere :
 Trim pictures fayre, in stone on outside are,
 Made all like waxe, as stone were nothing deere.
 The height so great, the breadth so bigge withall,
 No peece thereof, is likely long to fall,
 A worke that stands, to stayne a number more,
 In any age, that hath been buylt before.

A generall Commendation of Gentilitie.

NERE Wricksam dwels, of gentlemen good store,
Of calling such, as are right well to live :

By market towne, I have not seene no more,
(In such small rounge) that auncient armes doe give.

In Maylor, are
all these gentle-
men.

They are the joye, and gladnesse of the poore,
That dayly feedes, the hungrie at their doore :

Maister Roger
Pilsons house at
Itchlay.

In any foyle, where gentlemen are found,
Some house is kept, and bountie doth abound.

Maister Almmmer
at Pantyokin.

Maister John
Pilson of Bersan.

They beautifie, both towne and countrey too,

Maister Edward
Jones of Cadoo-
gan.

And furnisht are, to serve at neede in feeld :
And every thing, in rule and order do,

Maister James
Eaton of Eatton.

And unto God, and man due honour yeeld.

Maister Edward
Eaton by Rua-
bon.

They are the strength, and suretie of the land,
In whose true hearts, doth trust and credit stand,

Maister Owen
Brueton of Bor-
ras.

By whose wise heads, the neighbours ruled are,
In whom the prince, reposeth greatest care:

Maister John
Pilson of Haber-
dewerne.

They are the flowers, of every garden ground,

Maister Thomas
Powell of Hor-
sley.

For where they want, there growes but wicked weedes :

Maister John
Trevar of Tre-
volin.

Their tree and fruite, in rotten world is sownd,

Their noble mynds, will bring forth faithfull deedes

A generall praise
of all gentlemen
inhabiting of
any countrey.

Their glorie rests, in countries wealth and fame,

They have respect, to blood and auncient name :

They

They weigh nothing, so much as loyall hart,
Which is most pure, and cleane in every part,

They doe uphold, all civill maners myld,
All many acts, all wise and worthie waies :
If they were not, the countrey would grow wyld,
And we should soone, forget our elders daies :
Waxe blunt of wit, in speech grow rude and rough,
Want vertue still, and have of vice enough.
Shewe feeble spreete, lacke courage every where,
Dout many a thing, and our owne shadowes feare.

They dare attempt, for fame and hye renowne,
To scale the clowdes, if men might clyme the ayre :
Assault the starres, and plucke the planets downe,
Give charge on moone, and sunne that shines so fayre.
I meane they dare, attempt the greatest things,
Flye swiftly ore, high hilles if they had wings :
Beate backe the seas, and teare the mountaines too,
Yea what dare not, a man of courage doo.

Now must I turne, to my discourse agayne,
I Wricksam leave, and pen out further place :
So if my muse, were now in pleasant vayne,
Holt Castle should, from verse receive some grace :
The seate is fine, and trimly buylt about,
With lodgings fayre, and goodly rouses throughout,
Strong vaults and caves, and many an old device,
That in our daies, are held of worthie price.

Holt castle an
excellent fine
place, the river
of Dee running
by it.
Maister Hues
dwelles there.

That place must passe, with praise and so adue,
My muse is bent, (and pen is readie prest)

Maister Evan
Flud dwelles in
Yale, in a fayre
To house.

To feede your eares, with other matters newe,
 That yet remaines, in head and labouring brest.
 A mountaine towne, that is Thlangothlan calde,
 A pretie seate, but not well buylt nor walde,
 Stands in the way, to Yale and Writthen both,
 Where are great hilles, and plaines but fewe for troth.

Castle Dynose-
 braen on a
 wooddie hill on
 the one side, and
 Greene Castle
 on the other.

Of mountaines now, in deede my muse must runne,
 The poets there did dwell as fables fayne :
 Because some say, they would be neere the funne,
 And taste sometymes, the frost, the cold, and rayne,
 To judge of both, which is the chiefe and best.

A bridge of stone
 very faire there
 stands over Dee.

Who knowes no toyle, can never skill of rest,
 Who alwaies walkes, on carpet soft and gay,
 Knowes not hard hills, nor likes the mountaine way.

A Discourse of Mountaynes.

DAME nature drew, these mountaynes in such
 fort, Maister Lakon.
Maister Thlude
of Yale.

As though the one, should yeeld the other grace :
 Or as each hill, it self were such a fort,
 They scornde to stoope, to give the cannon place.
 If all were playne, and smooth like garden ground,
 Where should hye woods, and goodly groves be found:
 The eyes delight, that lookes on every coast,
 With pleasures great, and fayre prospect were lost.

On hill we vewe, farre of both feeld and flood,
 Feele heate or cold, and so sucke up sweete ayre :
 Behold beneath, great wealth and worldly good,
 See walled townes, and looke on countries fayre.
 And who so sits, or stands on mountayne hye,
 Hath halfe a world, in compasse of his eye :
 A platforme made, of nature for the nonce,
 Where man may looke, on all the earth at once.

These ragged rocks, brings plainest people foorth,
 On mountaine wyld, the hardest horse is bred :
 Though grasse thereon, be grosse and little worth,
 Sweet is the foode, where hunger so is fed.
 On rootes and hearbs, our fathers long did feede,
 And neere the lkye, growes sweetest fruit in deede :

On

THE WORTHINES

On marriſh meares, and watrie moſſie ground,
Are rotten weedes, and rubbiſh droſſe unfound.

The fogges and miſts, that riſe from vale belowe,
A reaſon makes, that higheſt hilles are beſt :
And when ſuch fogges doth ore the mountayne goe,
In fouleſt daies, fayre weather may be geſt.
As bitter blaſts, on mountaynes bigge doth blowe,
So noyſome ſmels, and favours breed belowe :
The hill ſtands cleere, and cleane from filthie ſmell,
They finde not ſo, that doth in valley dwell.

The mountayne men, live longer many a yeere,
Then thoſe in vale, in playne or marriſh foyle :
A luſtie hart, a cleane complexion cleere
They have on hill, that for hard living toyle,
With ewe and lambe, with goates and kids they play,
In greateſt toyles, to rub out wearie day :
And when to houſe, and home good fellowes drawe,
The lads can laugh, at turning of a ſtrawe.

No ayre ſo pure, and wholeſome as the hill,
Both man and beaſt, delights to be thereon :
In heate or cold, it keepes one nature ſtill,
Trim neate and drye, and gay to go upon.
A place moſt fit, for paſtime and good ſport,
To which wyld ſtagge and bucke doth ſtill reſort :
To crye of hounds, the mountayne ecco yeelds,
A grace to vale, a beautie to the feelds.

It stands for world, as though a watch it were,
A stately gard, to keepe greene meddowe myld :
The poets fayne, on shoulders it doth beare
The heavens hye, but there they are beguyld.
The maker first, of mountayne and of vale,
Made hill a wall, to clip about the dale :
A strong defence, for needfull fruit and corne,
That els by blast, might quickly be forlorne.

If boystrous wynds, were not withstood by strength,
Repulst by force, and driven backward too,
They would destroy, our earthly joyes at length,
And through their rage, they would much mischief
doo.

God sawe what smart, and grieve the earth would byde
By sturdy stormes, and pearcing tempests pryde :
So mountaynes made, to save the lower soyle,
For feare the earth, should suffer shamefull spoyle.

How could weake leaves, and blossomes hang on tree,
If boystring wynds, should braunches dayly beate :
How could poore foules, in cottage quiet bee,
If higher grounds, did not defend their seate.
Who buylds his bower, right under foote of hill,
Hath little cold, and weather warme at will :
Thus prove I here, the mountayne frendeth all,
Stands stiffe gaynst stormes, like steele or brazen wall.

You may compare, a king to mountayne hye,
Whose princely power, can byde both bront and shocke
Of

Of bitter blast, or thunderbolt from ikye,
 His fortresse stands, upon so firme a rocke.
 A prince helps all, and doth so strongly fit,
 That none can harne, by fraude, by force nor wit.
 The weake must leane, where strength doth most re-
 mayne,
 The mountayne great, commaunds the little playne.

As mountayne is, a noble stately thing,
 Thrust full of stones, and rocks as hard as steele :
 A peerles peece, comparde unto a king,
 Who sits full fast, on top of fortunes wheele :
 So is the dale, a place of futtle ayre,
 A den of droffe, oft tymes more foul then fayre :
 A durtie foyle, where water long doth byde,
 Yet ritch withall, it cannot be denyde.

But wealth mars wit, and weares out vertue cleane,
 An eating worme, a cancker past recure :
 A trebble loude, but not a merrie meane,
 That music makes, but rather jarres procure :
 A stirrer up, of strife and leaud debate,
 The ground of warre, that stayneth every state
 With giftes and bribes, that greedie glutton feedes
 And filles the gut, whereon great treason breedes.

Wealth fosters pride, and heaves up haughtie hart,
 Makes wit oreweene, and man beleewe to farre :
 Enfects the mynd, with vice in every part,
 That quickly sets, the fences all at warre.

In valley ritch, these mischiefes nourisht are,
 God planted peace, on mountayne poore and bare :
 By sweate of browes, the people lives on hill,
 Not sleight of brayne, ne craft nor cunning skill.

Where dwels disdayne, discord or dubble waies,
 But where ritch cubs, and currish karles are found ?
 Where is more love, who hath more happie daies,
 Then those poore hynds, that digges and delves the
 ground.

Perhaps you say, so hard the rocks may bee,
 Ne corne nor grasse, nor plough thereon you see :
 Yet loe the Lord, such blessing there doth give,
 That sweet content, with oten cakes can live.

Sowre whey and curds, can yeeld a sugred tast,
 Where sweete martchpane, as yet was never knowne :
 When emptie gorge, hath bole of milke embrast,
 And cheefe and bread, hath dayly of his owne,
 He craves no feast, nor seekes no banquets fine,
 He can digest, his dinner without wine :
 So toyles out life, and likes full well this trade,
 Not fearing death, because his count is made.

Who sleepest so found, as he that hath no sheepe,
 Nor heard of beasts, to pastor and to feede ?
 Who feares the wolfe, but he who lambes doth keepe,
 And many an hower, is forst to watch in deede.
 Though gold be gay, and cordyall in his kynd,
 The losse of wealth, grypes long a greedie mynd.
 Poor mountayne folke, possesse not such great store
 But when its gon, they care not much therefore.

Of Yale a little to be spoken of.

The names of
the rivers of
Denbighshiere.
Keerlock parts
Shropshire and
Denbighshiere,
before Chirk.
Dee at newe
Bridge and
Thlangothlen.
Aleyn in the
valley of Yale.
Clanweddock in
the fayre vale of
Dufrin Cloyd.
Cloyd receives
Clanweddock
and Elwe by
Saint Affe.
Istrate by Den-
bigh.
Raihad comes to
the Vorney.
Keynthleth
comes into
Rayhad.

THE countrie Yale, hath hilles and mountaynes
hye,

Small valleys there, save where the brookes do run :

So many springs, that field that soyle is drye :

Good turffe and peate, on mossie ground is won,

Wherewith good fires, is made for man most meete,

That burneth cleere, and yeelds a favour sweete

To those which have, no nose for dayntie smell,

The finer sort, were best in court to dwell.

This soyle is cold, and subject unto winde,

Hard duskie rocks, all covered ore full dim :

Where if winde blowe, ye shall foule weather finde,

And thinke you feelee, the bitter blasts full brim.

But though cold bytes, the face and outward skin,

The stomacke loe, is thereby warm'd within.

For still more meate, the mountayne men digest,

Then in the playne, you finde among the best.

Here is hard waies, as earth and mountayne yeelds,

Some softnesse too, as tract of foote hath made :

But to the dames, for walke no pleasant feelds,

Nor no great woods, to shroud them in the shade.

Yet sheepe and goates, are plentie here in place,

And good Welsh nagges, that are of kindest race :

With

With goodly nowt, both fat and bigge with bone,
That on hard rocks, and mountayne feedes alone,

Of Wrythen now, I treate as reason is,
But lifence crave, to talke on such a feate :
Excuse my skill, where pen or muse doth mis,
Where knowledge fayles, the cunning is not great.
But ere I write, a verse upon that foyle,
I will crye out, of tyme that all doth spoyle :
As age weares youth, and youth gives age the place,
So tyme weares world, and doth old works disgrace,

A Discourse of Tyme.

O Tract of tyme, that all consumes to dust,
 We hold thee not, for thou art bald behinde :
 The fayrest sword, or mettall thou wilt rust,
 And brightest things, bring quickly out of minde.
 The trimmest towers, and castles great and gay,
 In proceffe long, at length thou doest decay :
 The bravest house, and princely buildings rare,
 Thou waists and weares, and leaves the walles but bare.

O cancker vile, that creepes in hardest mold,
 The marble stone, or flint thy force shall feele :
 Thou hast a power, to pearce and eat the gold,
 Fling downe the strong, and make the stoute to reele.
 O wasting worme, that eates sweete kernels all,
 And makes the nut, to dust and powder fall :
 O glutton great, that feedes on each mans store,
 And yet thy selfe, no better art therefore.

Tyme all consumes, and helps it selfe no whit,
 As fire by flame, burnes coales to finders small :
 Tyme steales in man, much like an agew fit,
 That weares the face, the flesh the skinne and all.
 O wretched rust, that wilt not scoured bee,
 O dreadfull tyme, the world is feard of thee :

Thou

flingest flat, the highest tree that growes,
tryumph makes, on pompe and paynted showes.

But most of all, my muse doth blame thee now,
For throwing downe, a rare and goodly seate :
By Wrythen towne, a noble castle throwe,
That in tyme past, had many a lodging greate,
And towers most fayre, that long a buylding was,
Where now God wot, there growes nothing but
grasse :

The stones lye waste, the walles seemes but a shell
Of little worth, where once a prince might dwell.

Of Wrythen both the Castle and the Towne.

The Castle of
Wrythen is yet
outwardly a
marveilous faire
and large prince-
ly place.

THIS castle stands, on rocke much like red bricke,
The dykes are cut, with toole through stonie
cragge :

The towers are hye, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke it selfe, would shake a subjects bagge,
If he were bent, to buyld the like agayne :
It rests on mount, and lookes ore wood and playne :
It had great store, of chambers finely wrought,
That tyme alone, to great decay hath brought.

It shewes within, by dubble walles and waies,
A deepe device, did first erect the fame :
It makes our world, to thinke on elders daies,
Because the worke, was formde in such a frame,
One tower or wall, the other answers right,
As though at call, each thing should please the sight :
The rocke wrought round, where every tower doth
stand,
Set foorth full fine, by head by hart and hand.

There is a poole
here abouts that
hath in it a
kynd of fish that
no water can
shewe.

And fast hard by, runnes Cloyd a river swift,
In winter tyme, that swelles and spreads the feeld :
That water sure, hath such a secret gift,
And such rare fish, in season due doth yeeld,

As

As is most straunge : let men of knowledge now
Of such hid cause, search out the nature throwe :

* * * * *

* * * * *

A poole there is, through which this Cloyd doth passe,
Where is a fish, that some a whiting call :
Where never yet, no sammon taken was,
Yet hath good store, of other fishes all.
Above that poole, and so beneath that flood
Are sammons caught, and many a fish full good :
But in the same, there will no sammon bee,
And neere that poole, you shall no whiting see.

I have left out, a river and a vale,
And both of them, are fayre and worthie note :
Who will them seeke, shall finde them still in Yale,
They beare such fame, they may not be forgot.
The river runnes, a myle right under ground,
And where it springs, the issue doth abound :
And into Dee, this water doth diffend,
So loseth name, and therein makes an end.

A river called
Aleyn, in the
valley of Yale.

Good ground likewise, this valley seemes to bee,
And many a man, of wealth is dwelling there :
On mountayne top, the valley shall you see
All over greene, with goodly meddowes feare.
This valley hath, a noble neighbour neere,
Wherein the towne, of Wrythen doth appeere :
Which towne stands well, and wants no pleasant ayre,
The noble foyle, and countrey is so fayre.

The valley of
Yale.

A church

The Earle of Kent lyes here. A church there is, in Wrythen at this day,
Wherein Lord Gray, that once was Earle of Kent,
In tombe of stone, amid the chauncell lay :
But since remov'd, as worldly matters went,
And in a wall, so layd as now he lyes

An Anckres in King Henry the fourths tyme buried here. Right hand of queere, full playne before your eyes :
An Anckres too, that nere that wall did dwell,
With trim wrought worke, in wall is buried well.

The pleasant vale of Dyffrin Cloyd. Now to the vale, of worthie Dyffrin Cloyd,
My muse must passe, a foyle most ritch and gay :
This noble seate, that never none anoyd,
That sawe the fame, and rode or went that way :
The vewe thereof, so much contents the mynd,
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynd :
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseth each mans eyes.

This vale doth reach, so farre in vewe of man,
As he farre of, may see the seas in deede :
And who a while, for pleasure travayle can
Throughout this vale, and thereof take good heede,
He shall delight, to see a foyle so fine,
For ground and grasse, a passing plot devine.
And if the troth, thereof a man may tell,
This vale alone, doth all the rest excell.

The vale thoroughly described. As it belowe, a wondrous beautie shoves,
The hilles above, doth grace it trebble fold :
On every side, as farre as valley goes,
A border bigge, of hilles ye shall behold :

They

They keepe the vale in such a quiet fort,
 That birds and beasts, for succour there resort :
 Yea flocks of foule, and heards of beast sometye,
 Drawes there from storme, when tempests are in
 pryme.

Three rivers run, amid the bottome heere,
 Istrate, and Cloyd, Clanweddock (loe) the third :
 The noyse of streames, in sommer morning cleere,
 The chirpe and charme, and chaunt of every bird
 That passeth there, a second heaven is :
 No hellish sound, more like an earthly blis :
 A musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe,
 By secret arte, and lull a man a sleepe.

Three rivers in
 this vale.

A naturall secret
 touched.

The Castle of Cargoorley in Denbighshire.

Thomas Salesburie of Llewenni.
Robert Salesburie of Bachenbid.

Foulk Lloyd of Houllan.

Piers Holland of Kynmel.

Piers Owen of Abergele.

Edward Theleall of Beren.

William Wyn of Llamuair.

Elis Price of Spitty.

John Middleton.

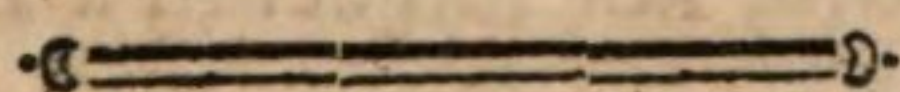
CAgoorley comes, right now to passe my pen,
With ragged walles, yea all to rent and torne :
As though it had, bin never knowne to men,
Or carelesse left, as wretched thing forlorne :
Like begger bare, as naked as my nayle,
It lyes along, whose wracke doth none bewayle.
But if she knewe, to whom it doth pertayne,
What royalties, and honors doth remayne
Unto that seate, it should repayred bee,
For further cause, then common people see.

But fondrie things, that are full farre from sight,
Are out of mynd, and cleane forgot in fine :
So such as have, thereto but little right,
Possesse the same, by leavell and by line,
Or els by hap, or suite as often falles :
But what of that, Cargoorleys rotten walles
Can never bring, his betters in dispute,
That hath perchaunce, bin got by hap or fute :
So rest good muse, and speake no further heere,
Least by these words, some hidden thoughts appeere.

Kings give and take, so tyme still rouleth on,
Good subjects serve, for somewhat more or lesse :

And

And when we see, our fathers old are gon,
 Of tyme to come, we have a greater gesse.
 First how to gayne, by present tyme and state,
 Then what may fall, by futer tyme and date :
 Tyme past growes cold, and so the world lukewarme
 Doth helpe it selfe, by castle, house or farme :
 That reach is good, that rule my frends God send,
 Which well begin, and makes a vertuous end.



O DENBIGH now, appeare thy turne is next,
 I neede no glose, nor shade to set thee out :
 For if my pen, doe followe playnest text,
 And passe next way, and goe nothing about,
 Thou shalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
 The noblest foyle, that is in any part :
 And for thy feate, and castle doe compare,
 With any one, of Wales what ere they are.

This castle stands, on top of rocke most hye,
 A mightie cragge, as hard as flint or steele :
 A massie mount, whose stones so deepe doth lye,
 That no device, may well the bottome feele.
 The rocke discends, beneath the auncient towne,
 About the which, a stately wall goes downe,
 With buyldings great, and posternes to the same,
 That goes through rocke, to give it greater fame.

The strongest
 castle and seate
 that ever man
 beheld.

I want good words, and reasons apt therefore,
 It selfe shall shewe, the substance of my tale :

But yet my pen, must tell here somewhat more,
Of castles praise, as I have spoke of vale.

Marke wel the
situation and
buylding of the
same.

A strength of state, ten tymes as strong as fayre,
Yet fayre and fine, with dubble walles full thicke,
Like tarres trim, to take the open ayre,
Made of freestone, and not of burned bricke :
No buylding there, but such as man might say,
The worke thereof, would last till judgement day.

The feate so sure, not subject to a hill,
Nor yet to myne, nor force of cannon blast :
Within that house, may people walke at will,
And stand full safe, till daunger all be past.
If cannon rorde, or barkt against the wall,
Frends there may say, a figge for enemies all :
Five men within, may keepe out numbers greate,
(In furious fort) that shall approach that feate.

Who stands on rocke, and lookes right down alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child :

A practise by the
author proved.

I sought my selfe, from top to fling a stone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguyld.
If such a height, the mightie rocke be than,
Ne force nor fleight, nor stout attempt of man,
Can win the fort, if house be furnisht throw,
The troth whereof, let world be witnesse now.

It is great payne, from foote of rocke to clyme
To castle wall, and it is greater toyle
On rocke to goe, yea any step sometyme
Uprightly yet, without a faule or foyle.

And

And as this feate, and castle strongly stands,
 Past winning fure, with engin sword or hands :
 So lookes it ore, the countrey farre or neere,
 And shines like torch, and lanterne of the sheere.

Wherefore Denbigh, thou bearest away the praise,
 Denbigh hath got, the garland of our daies :
 Denbigh reapes fame, and lawde a thousand waies,
 Denbigh my pen, unto the clowdes shall raise.
 The castle there, could I in order drawe,
 It should surmount, now all that ere I sawe.

A great glorie
 given to Den-
 bigh.

*Of Valey Crucis Thlangothlan, and the Castle
Dynosebrane.*

THE great desire, to see Denbigh at full,
Did drawe my muse, from other matter true :
But as that sight, my mynd away did pull
From former things, I should present to you.
So duetie bids, a writer to be playne,
And things left out, to call to mynd agayne :
Thlangothlan then, must yet come once in place,
For divers notes, that gives this booke some grace,

The Abbey of Valey Crucis. An abbey nere, that mountayne towne there is,
Whose walles yet stand, and steeple too likewise :
But who that rides, to see the troth of this,
Shall thinke he mounts, on hilles unto the skyes.
For when one hill, behind your backe you see,
Another comes, two tymes as hye as hee :
And in one place, the mountaynes stands so there,
In roundnesse such, as it a cockpit were.

Their height is great, and full of narrowe waies,
And steepe downe right, of force ye must descend :
Some houses are, buylt there but of late daies,
Full underneath, the monstrous mountaynes end :
Amid them all, and those as man may gesse,
When rayne doth fall, doth stand in fore distresse :
For mightie streames, runnes ore both house and
thatch,
When for their lives, poore men on hilles must watch.
Beyond

Beyond the fame, and yet on hill full hye,
 A castle stands, an old and ruynous thing :
 That haughtie house, was buylt in weathers eye,
 A pretie pyle, and pleasure for a king.
 A fort, a strength, a strong and stately hold
 It was at first, though now it is full old :
 On rocke alone, full farre from other mount
 It stands, which shewes, it was of great account.

Castle Dynose-
branc.

Betweene the towne, and abbey built it was,
 The towne is neere, the goodly river Dee,
 That underneath, a bridge of stone doth passe,
 And still on rocke, the water runnes you see
 A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
 That rocke cannot, the course of water chaunge :
 For in the streame, huge stones and rocks remayne,
 That backward might the flood of force constrayne.

A goodly bridge
of stone here.
The towne and
the bridge with
the vyolent ri-
ver before that
towne.

From thence to Chirke, are mountaynes all a rowe,
 As though in ranke, and battaile mountaynes stood :
 And over them, the bitter winde doth blowe,
 And whirles betwixt, the valley and the wood.
 Chirke is a place, that parts another sheere,
 And as by trench, and mount doth well appeere :
 It kept those bounds, from forayne force and power,
 That men might sleepe, in suretie every hower.

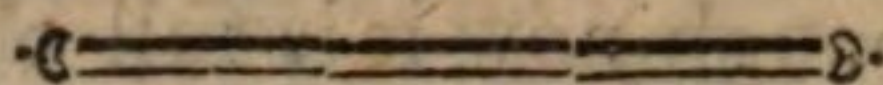
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 With castles fine, with proper townes and men,
 Whereof in verse, my matter must begin :

A little spoke of
Flintshiere.

Not

Not for to fayne, and please the tender eares,
 But to be playne, as worlds eye witnesse beares :
 Not by herefay, as fables are fet out,
 But by good prooffe, of vewe to voyd a dout.

The author fell
 sicke here.



The writer takes
 here breath till a
 better season.

WHEN fommer sweete, hath blowne ore winters blast,
 And waies waxe hard, that now are soft and foule :
 When calmie skyes, sayth bitter stormes are past,
 And clowdes waxe cleere, that now doth lowre and
 skoule,
 My muse I hope, shall be reviv'de againe,
 That now lyes dead, or rockt a sleepe with paine.
 For labour long, hath wearied so the wit,
 That studious head, a while in rest must sit :
 But when the spring, comes on with newe delite,
 You shall from me, heare what my muse doth write.

Here endeth my first booke of the Worthines of
 Wales : which being wel taken, wil encourage me to
 fet foorth another : in which worke, not only the
 rest of the shieres (that now are not written of) shal be
 orderly put in print, but likewise all the auncient
 armes of gentlemen there in general, shal be plainly
 decribed and set out, to the open vewe of the world,
 if God permit me life and health, towards the finish-
 ing of so great a labour.

Thomas Churchyard.

F I N I S.

31

U C R E T I U S.

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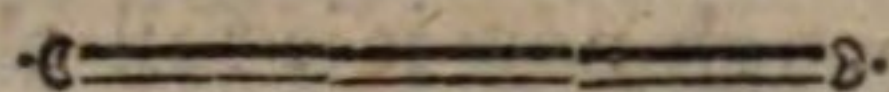
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F I N I S.

Churchyard, Thomas,

The worthines of Wales a poem ; A true note of the auncient castles

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